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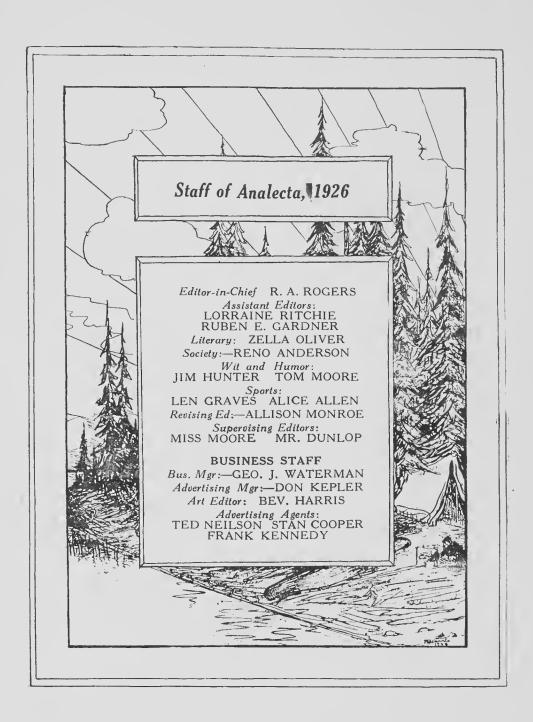
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THE ANALECTA 5



FOREWORD

"The Analecta!" What can or cannot be written about that fantastic creation of Central High, wherein, everything from term's end to term's end is eulagized, poetized or scripturized? Where the heroes of the gridiron and heroines of the basketball floor are held up before the awe inspired public as examples of what the infectious germ of collegiate spirit can produce. Others after us, as others before have done, will pull out from some student's treasure house a battered copy, or two, of the "Analecta," finger smeared, corner worn and scribbled over with epitaphs and signatures of leading powers and intimate friends in the school. Slowly turning over leaves, each heavy laden with fond memories of byegone days, we see where Souter brought home the honors of the track meet, where Helen Woodside upheld the traditions of the school by capturing the city and provincial swimming championships, or to turn to the lighter side we read of dear old Jones and his favorite, get on, get on there, or of any one of the numerous satallites of the school with their unending store of original wise cracks.

Is it possible then, with such a future before each issue of the "Analecta," for me, the editor, budding or otherwise to paint the glories of this present number in colors suitable enough to meet the demands of the school graduates of former years? Do you beieve that with such a past as the "Analecta" has had that those personages, the former students of Central High School and workers on the editorial staff or in other branches of school activities are not depending upon you present day students to uphold the standards of the "Analecta" and therefore the spirit of the School. Have we not had proof of this in the past years when school spirit ranged low and the "Analecta" was not in evidence? Have we not had proof of this in the present term, that with the revival of the "Analecta" the school spirit once more rang clear and true; and the sidelines we filled with enthusiastic fans, while the assembly hall echoed as the rooting club swung into the good old yells, which have won more victories for the purple and gold than have been realized by most.

Fellows, as an editorialist I'm the bunk, but perhaps if you have given a thought to the above you'll see that I'm right. With the revival of the school spirit and "Analecta" let's all put our efforts into keeping it up. A word to the tens and elevens, this year sees the passing on of many of

the school workers who have achieved a triumphant ending. These same students have pulled together for the purpose of obtaining a single end the re-establishment of Central High. It has been accomplished and with their leaving, a trust is being passed on to you. Do not fail them, and in years to come, however vague this word now to you may seem, you will realize its full significance and rejoice in the fact that those to whom you have left a similar trust will fulfil it as you did yours.

RALPH A. ROGERS, Editor-in-Chief.



"THE ANALECTA"

It was in the school year of 1910-11 that the hopes of the pupils of Central High, to have a printed school magazine, were realized. Two years before they had started with "The Echo," which appeared fortnightly in the Literary Society under the editorship of Robert Hall, but the paper had grown so steadily that at last they were able to attain the dignity of a printed edition.

The first supervisor of the "Analecta" was Mr. W. G. Carpenter, B.A., the editor-in-chief was C. W. Newcomb, and the business managers were Roy Black and Noble Black. There were also associate editors and reporters on the staff.

Many Analectas have appeared since that first one was published, sometimes once and sometimes twice a year.

The aim of the "Analecta" is to unite all the students in the endeavor to produce a magazine worthy of the school, and its value is great as it awakens in the student the desire to use and develop his literary abilities. The word "Analacta" is derived from the Greek. It means a collection of literary fragments.

DAISY MAMINI.

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

The first High School work done in the North-West Territories was begun in Calgary in 1889 with Mr. James Short, now Crown Prosecutor, as teacher. High school work was carried on in conjunction with public school work as is done in many rural districts today.

The first high school proper was built on Seventh Avc. East, behind the City Hall and classes began there in September, 1903, with Mr. H. A. Sinnott as principal and Miss E. J. McPhail as assistant. The best known student of those days is Mr. Jos. Shaw, leader of the Liberal party in Alberta. Many of the men and women in Calgary today received their high school education in that old building which was known as "Sleepy Hollow." In 1904 Mr. J. A. Smith was added to the staff and he became principal in 1907 when Mr. Sinnott resigned. In 1908 Mr. Smith entered the service of the Department of Education as Inspector of Schools and Mr. H. C. Newcombe became principal.

The present building was built in 1908 and the opening was marked by much enthusiasm. It was declared by many that Calgary would never have enough boys and girls of high school age to fill the eight rooms, it then contained. At that time there were four teachers but a fifth was added to take charge of the commercial department just organized.

From the retirement of Mr. Newcombe in 1911 till the appointment of the present principal in 1916 the school had four principals. The building was enlarged in 1913 and in 1915 a new centre was formed. The rapid development from that time on is familiar to all.

In closing this brief account of the growth of the Central High School I would like to point out that in the early days the high school was a much more important factor in the lives of the young people. Much of the social activities that now centre around the church and the Y.M.C.A. were organized from the school. Boys and girls made and looked after their own rinks and tennis courts. Money was not so plentiful and it was usually a case of the boys making their own provision for recreation or going without. I do not think the students of twelve years ago worked any harder than those of today. The course of studies was simpler and examination requirements were not so rigorous. But they were more independent and possessed an initiative that is not so apparent today when boys and girls have money to pay for amusements that formerly they had to provide themselves.

PRINCIPAL.







OUR EDITOR

Ralph Rogers, alias "Crowfoot," like many other men of fame, was born beneath the blue skies of sunny Italy. The exact date is not procurable but for the benefit of the inquisitive, we refer you to Ralph, who will be only too pleased to enlighten you on the subject—maybe.

Before he sprouted his first tusk, his youthful aspirations had lured him across the briny deep, to Canada. His movements from there, may be traced to Alberta where he put Edmonton on its feet. It is said, by the way that he was four of the reasons why Edmonton was made the capital.

Soon he migrated to Calgary and enrolled in C.C.I. where he has spent few dormant hours. During the first part of the term he showed his ability as an elocutionist and in fact so superb an orator did he become that he soon graduated into a yell leader of the first water. His sterling qualities of salesmanship were revealed in the brilliant success he made of distributing the school rings and pins. It was rather amusing, to say the least, when a timid youth, on asking for Mr. Rogers, was shown to a mob of girls and told that Ralph was in the centre fitting the girls with rings.

Although well up in his academic studies, Ralph still may be included in the class that take home books. And someone has even had the audacity to say that he actually studies from those books he takes home.

"WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER"



The maiden sat in the tower
Weeping and tearing her hair;
Outside wore the hald had rabbe

Outside were the bold, bad robbers, Who were keeping the maiden there.

The maiden she was a student,

A student of C.C.I.

And the names of the bold, bad robbers,

On their shields were displayed to the eye.

There was "French Book" in dark green armour,

With his shield right down to his knec, But the boldest and fattest and fiercest,

Was the "Mowatt's History."

There were "Physics" and "Latin" and "Comp" books,

Oh, text books of all kinds were there,

When suddenly a jangling of armour, And one hearty shout rang through the air.

A knight-crrant in bright silver armour

Charged full at the whole robber band,

They scattered and fled in a panic,

Then he rushed up and grasped one soft hand.

"Oh, fair one, my charger strays yonder,

Come, he will carry us well.

We will go far away from this prison.

My name? It is 'Four o'Clock Bell'."

She followed. He led to his charger, Over boulders of bright scarlet hue.

He protected the girl from detentions,

For he was a knight, brave and true. They came to his charger, "the Street Car,"

To the saddle he lifted the maid.

Then he mounted behind his dear maiden, And he whispered, "Dear, be not afraid."

They travelled along o'er the prairie,

They passed through a long, deep ravine,

Then looming up, towering before them A high dismal mountain was seen.

They dismounted and started to clamber

High up on that "Long Homework Mount;"

They scrambled and toiled bravely upward,

Past caverns too numerous to count. Then at last they arrived at the summit,

And before them on either hand

Was, "Reward for the valiant conquerors Of Homework Mount—Happy Dreamland."





PRESENTATION TO MISS MARY EVANS

The whole student body of C.C.I. was delighted when word was received in the city that Miss Mary Evans, one of the most popular students in the senior grades had won the I.O.D.E. Scholarship for 1925. Mary, although brilliant and clever in her studies, has always been modest and willing to help others less talented than herself. She has also taken the keenest pleasure out of all the school activities. Naturally, every memher of the school was pleased to see her successful.

One afternoon, shortly after Christmas the students of Grades XI and XII gathered in the assembly hall of the school to see the scholarship of \$250 presented to this clever pupil by Mrs. R. C. Marshall, regent of the provincial chapter of the I.O.D.E. and Mrs. Richardson. Mrs. Marshall gave a fine speech in which she congratulated Mary for her splendid achievement and also explained the purpose of the organization she was representing. The I.O.D.E. is a national institute with a national outlook and aims. It gives this scholarship to the Calgary student obtaining the highest marks in the Provincial Examinations whose father has been killed Overseas. Its aim is to give to the child of a heroic father a chance for educational advantages that through their bereavement might otherwise be lost to them. Also it helps to produce citizens strong in mind and heart, true, faithful, to produce a nation of kings and queens in character who will live above the fog in public duty and private life.

Mary will, we know, continue her good work and become an excellent citizen. The hest wishes of all the students go with her. Mary has a great heritage. The death of her father in such a cause as the World War may have brought the keenest sorrow and loss of material things, but he will continue all her life to be an inspiration to her. He had Christ for his evample. He has handed over to his daughter a trust not to be betrayed and which she is keeping faithfully. Mary is acquiring a liberal

education in its best sense and so is preparing herself to live for her country although she may not be called to die for it.

We do not wish Mary to build huge edifices of marble and precious stones to delight only the exterior eye. These might do much good and give much pleasure but some day they will be no more. We, her fellow students wish her to build up her sacred temple of character. In this way she will bequeath to the world her influence. This influence falling day by day on her schoolmates and all with whom she comes in contact will produce good that will never die.



C.C.I. SCHOLARSHIPS

Below we give a list of C.C.I. graduates who have won the Bennett, McKillop and I.O.D.E. Scholarships in recent years. These successes should serve as a stimulus to future classes entering our walls. 1922 Bennett Scholarship—

Marshall Edward Manning, Grade XII.
Donald Simmons, Grade XI.
Lcslie Lillian Calder, Grade XI.
1923 Bennett Scholarship—
Leslie Lillian Calder, Grade XII.
Gcorge Stanlcy, Grade XI.
1923 Archic McKillop Scholarship—
Phyllis Collins, Grade XI.
1924 Bennett Scholarship—
Isabel Landels, Grade XII.
Wilbur B. Chcllis, Grade XI.
1924 Archic McKillop Scholarship—
Eva Kerslake, Gradc XI.
1925 Archic McKillop Scholarship—
Doris M. Field, Grade XI.

1925 I.O.D.E. Tan-nis-uk Chapter— Mary Louise Evans, Grade XI.



THE SCHOLARSHIP NICHE

The history of education is to a lesser extent the history of the progress of ones own community. What its people are thinking and assimilating from books and magazines and colleges and many and varied forms of learning is the keynote of their standards of tomorrow. And in this sense the educationalist is a true to life painter working not with pen or brush but with the more clastic pigments of thought and leaving his indelible imprint upon the canvas of the mind.

In the Greek world the threefold unity of physical, mental and acsthetic ideals revealed to them the measure of the well-rounded individual. In the middle ages the demand for the purely physical restricted to the monastries the pursuit of the higher learning. And so the pendulum swings now to one side, now to the other. Each deal of the bygone centuries has had its specific value, each had its day and ceased to be

with the unfolding of different social conditions and with the influx of races of widely different ideals and attainments.

In our own time the "bookworm" and the "grind" have ceased to command much attention from our practical age. The demand for well-equipped men or women with a broad, sane outlook on life, has given a different coloring to our sehool systems. And yet perhaps in this very breadth of action may be a possible danger. For there is no such thing as standing still. The student of today needs to have experience in virile scholarship which comes only from intensive application to some problem in which he has interest. Concentrated and intensive study will lead a student to assume the attitude of the learner. Knowledge with him becomes a truly absorbing passion, something to be held far above mere material reward—though that too may enter later.

The student who comes to class with no ambition for excellence in scholarship and develops no such ambition during his school life is the more susceptible to baneful influences which tend to pull him down rather than to uplift him. At his best he is hut a drifter coming into class because his pal does and remaining away for the same reason.

To this end every student should as early as possible show a marked interest in some subject or group of subjects and develop special proficiency in that line. Here is something of intrinsic value, something of permanent worth. "Nothing," says a prominent educator, "gives more assurance of moral stability than deep interest in some department of learning." The years of early adolescence are most favorable for nurturing this interest for the student in high school is capable of more mature thinking than heretofore while retaining the enthusiasms of early manhood or womanhood still undampened.

Let us do many things—if we can. But let us first of all learn to do a selected few things well, rather than many things indifferently. And the result is worth while. The dividends of the scholar's profession are things of permanent value, measured in terms of culture, breadth of knowledge, clearness of mental vision, and to crown all the satisfaction of heing engaged in an absorbing, worth-while pursuit.

R. B. F.



DAD WINS——!

It was a heautiful moonlight September evening in Old Ontario. From the golden cornfield, through the shadows came the quivering "Ou u u u oo." of that little animal known as the raceoon.

In the stable doorway, stood two youths in serious conversation. For several moments there was a thoughtful silence, then one exclaimed: "I've got it, Phil, listen—z z z z z z z when dad comes out blusterin' round and swearin' that he's agoing with us, we'll say, Alright dad, we're mighty glad to hev you, then for the fun. Ha! Ha! He'll never want to go on another coon hunt with us!"

More whispers and then a plan was decided upon. They scarcely had time to compliment each other upon their extremely brainy plan



when the barnyard gate swung open with a ghostly creak and Old Sam, "the community's loud-speaker," issued forth.

"Well boys, yer ol' dad is here, and I'll tell ye that he can tree more coons in one month than you'd tree in a year. Come now, you needn't look so glump, 'cause I'm a-goin' with you tonight and there's no gettin' away from it."

"Sure, dad. We've bin sayin' that it ud be no fun without you. Hurry now, we'll take the milk to the house. Mind, we're leavin' as soon as the seperatin' is done."

Fifteen minutes later, the little party started up the lane that led past the corn field to the woods. Watt was wearing a new pair of five dollar high-top leather boots, which he had bought in town that afternoon. Old Sam was so busy planning in his mind how he was going to show his boys a thing or two about coon hunting that he didn't notice the smothered laughter nor the elbow nudging of the boys, who were greatly pleased with the prospects of the evening.

They elimbed the old rail fence and cut through a corner of the corn

field till they reached a spot where the crop and woods met. For the next ten minutes, they tramped on without discovering a single racoon although their sharp whistle could be heard in the distance. Then of a sudden, Phil shouted that he had one.

Now, these little animals on finding themselves discovered always climb a tree. So, Watt gave his father a club and after ordering him to hit the coon when he shook it off the limb, climbed the tree.

However, Old Sam's brain was still active, and realizing that, if he by any chance, should miss his prey, the boys would tease him everlastingly, he quietly exchanged the club for an axe.

"Here he comes, dad! Watch! There he goes!" A dark object crashed through the tree limbs and the old man, with all possible precision raised the axe into the air and bringing it down pinned the dark mass to the ground with a vicious stroke. In order to be sure that the coon was dead, he repeated the above operation with great deliberation.

Watt climbed down and the two boys very seriously came to examine dad's dead coon, when to their dismay they discovered that dad had used the axe instead of the club and a mangled piece of leather was all that remained of a pair of five dollar boots. Dad had won.

Z. J. OLIVER, XIC.



WHOOZE WHOO IN XIA

Daisy Benbow—Care will kill a cat—therefore let's be merry.

Wilfred Bell—"The Alaskan"—the most famous hunter in C.C.I.

Wilfred Beresford—Lions make leopards tame.

Helen Brown—Is you red glare the western star?

Lucy Cooper—Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth.

Irene Chiswell—Don't put too fine a point to your wit, for fear of its getting blunt.

Betty Clark—Of manner mild, of affection gentle.

Fred Cooper—He is rarely heard to speak.

Arthur Cragg—Behold! Learned Cragg whose vast knowledge preserves XIA's greatness yet.

Dorothy Dingman—What I learned I have forgotten—what I know I

have guessed at.

Alva Drysdale—Whatever happens I shall be satisfied.

Cecil Dawdy—I wonder exceedingly if I have done anything at all good?

Frank Dickson—Taking everything into account he did very well.

Enone Evans—If thou wouldst bluff bluff well, and thy teacher will not know.

Lillian Tupper—Her talents are of the more silent class.

Richard Wallace—Did nothing in particular and did it very well. George Waterman—There's at least one in every school. (Apologies to Briggs.)

Fred Webster—They say best men are moulded out of faults.

Robert Winters—Think of your namesake Robert Clive.

There's still some hope for you.

THE ANALECTA 15

Harry Gibson—If hot air was music he could crash the walls of Jericho.

Jack Gillis—The founder of the school.

Jack Higgins—We find it hard to believe in his innocence.

Mary Hughes—Wisdom is better than rubies. Keith Huckvale—A big fish in a little puddle.

Madge Irvine—A faint whisper, did someone speak. Joan Inglis—Calm and unruffled as the summer sea.

Don Kepler—"Brilliant"-ine at all times.

Freddie King—Oh! Blissful youth.

Pat Lang—He wears no man's collar—not even his own.

Margaret McNeil—Such a demure little miss.

Keith Mitchell—Duty spurs him on. Hazel Roberts—Mild, modest and reserved.

Muriel Sherring—Deeds not words.

Helen Sorensen—A goodly record her's, and yet more good in store.

Walter Stilwell—A second Paavo Nurmi.
Rosaleen Sykes—Who chooseth me shall yet get as much as he deserves.

Margaret Sutherland—And such a tongue as I am glad I have not.

Beatrice Staples—When it comes to style, that's me.

Helen Timms—And she was fair to look upon.



CENTRAL COLLEGIATE HI-Y CLUB

January 14, 1926, saw the organization of the Central Collegiate Hi-Y Club with Stan Cooper as Chairman, Bev Harris, Vice Chairman, and Ralph Rogers, Secretary-Treasurer.

The object of the Club is to promote school spirit and interest through the co-operation with the various clubs and organizations in the school. Meetings have been held every second Thursday, with a monthly meeting at the Y.M.C.A. in connection with the Gamma Phi Club.

As yet there has been no single line of activity the work being greatly varied. Pins and rings were obtained, jazz caps procured, social activities booked, boys' basketball organized, theatre parties arranged, scouting clubs picked and the Analecta helped in more ways than one.

Although the work has to date been of such a variety the club itself has a wonderful opportunity for service in years to come when through the ranks of the students newcomers can be welcomed and instilled with the proper interest in the traditions and life of the school.



It would be great if the mosquitos would eat up all the weeds, and the weeds poisoned all the mosquitos.

She: "We've just bought a Van Dyke."

Her: "That's nothing, we're going to buy a Chrysler.

SCHOOL CAPS

During the past year the students have introduced a novelty, school jazz caps. This Central High School fad is truly a blaze of color—royal colors for a royal school. Purple has always been a color of royalty and among the Oriental monarchs gold is the royal shade.

This is indeed another long step towards the materialization of the ultimate end "School Spirit," and although it was introduced rather late in the term we hope to have the idea in full swing once more next September. They show who we are, where we come from and our pride for C.C.I. It is a great relief to see the purple and gold colors on every hand and at the rugby and basketball games a greater spirit is created. We have noticed that within the last few months a greater interest has been taken in the games by the teachers, so perhaps some time in the future even they will come down from their high pinnacles and mingle with the common mob.

I have a little jazz cap It sits upon my head Its colors are most brilliant And there isn't green or red.

There's a patch of purple color And one of golden hue So when you see me coming Why just say howdy doo.

At night when into bed I elimb I take my jazz eap with me Cause it will keep my pompadour From getting awful mussy.

I wore my cap to school one day A teacher didn't like it And so he turned to me and said, Take off that cap or hike it.

But lo! alas that was not all For he also gave away One thousand lines of literature I was to hand to him next day.

I know he was green with envy 'Cause he hadn't a cap like mine To hide that shiny bald spot Above the timber line.

But still I have my jazz cap And its praise I'll always sing Until perhaps I'll get myself One of the Central rings.



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL YELLS

One-a-zipa, two-a-zipa, three-a-zipa zah,
Central High School, don't givc a ricker-racker
Bang goes the firecracker
Ricker, racker, razoo, Johnny get your bazoo
One-a-zipa, two-a-zipa, three-a-zipa zah
Central Collegiate! Rah! Rah! Rah!
C.C.I.! C.C.I.! Are we in it?
Well I guess!
Razzle, Dazzle, Hobble, Gobble, Siz Boom Bah!
Central High School, Rah, Rah, Rah.

1-2-3-4, 4-11-44, Who in the 7-7-34

Are we for? Are we for? CENTRAL.

ALL: Hayseed, Strawseed, Pumpkin, Squash, LEADER: Will we beat them? ALL: Yes, by Gosh.

Ky-yee-ky-yi, Ky-yickety-flin Come out of your shell and watch us win, We're wild, We're woolly, We're rough like a saw, Central Collegiate, Rah, Rah, Rah.

Wrigley's, Wrigley's, Spearmint Gum,
Who'll put ______ on the bum?
We will, We will. Who are we?
Central High School, can't you see?
Look, Look, Look,
See who's here,
_____ High School come to cheer
Will we let them? No, by Gosh,
We're from Collegiate and we don't like trash.

Stop, Look, Listen, but clear the way, Central High School have come to play, We're wild, we're woolly, but we'll show you how, We're from Collegiate, Rah, Rah, Rah.

Rickety Rackety Russ, We're not allowed to cuss, But nevertheless you must confess There's nothing the matter with US-S-S-S-S.

LOCOMOTIVE YELL

C-E-N-T-R-A-L, C-E-N-T-R-A-L CENTRAL, CENTRAL, CENTRAL.



CLASS PINS

What has been said of the cap might also be applied to our rings and pins. Without a doubt the rings grace far prettier personages than do the caps, that is understood without a single contradiction. The caps must be politely doffed when entering a building but the dainty little finger girths have access to innumerable places without having to be removed.

The rings and pins formed on a long octagonal shield bear the Central High monogram cleverly set out in purple and gold. The design was submitted among numerous by Walter G. Agnew and after a prolonged and heated discussion at an early meeting of the Hi-Y Club, the present design was selected. Arrangements have been made with the jeweler to carry a stock in future of these pins and rings so that all students desiring such may obtain them without difficulty.

Dear Mr. Editor:

For the benefit of the reading public who have been fortunate enough not to hear our Rooters' Club I would like to state we have one worthy of the name. But there's absolutely no need for singing its praises as the Club has clearly shown it is quite capable of making it's own noise—especially when they meet S.C.H.S. at a basketball game. However, these noble heroes have attended all basketball games, etc., and while C.C.I. vanquished on the floor the Rooters' Club surely vanquished all noises. This Club is entirely composed of male voices under the competent leadership (if a loud voice and gestures count for anything) of Ralph Rogers.

However, we'll have to hand it to the Rooters' Club for its intrepid enthusiasm and assistance it rendered (rendered is the only word) in reviving school spirit. We'll surely need them to lift up their voices to help us banish dull care and to help us get rid of that tired feeling prevalent around exam, times.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

(J. W. C.)

The basketball season of 1926 ran true to form in that C.C.I. with their veteran line-up carried the league championship for the third successive time. Starting the season with four members of last year's champions on the roster the wearers of the purple were considered the team to beat for the title, but the ease with which they defeated all opposition was rather unlooked for.

Alice Allen, Madeline Piette, Muriel Thom and Ruth Bingham of last year's team responded to the call when the team went into training in October. This gave C.C.I. the same forward line that won the honors in 1925. Helen Woodside, a member of the 1924 team, came back to the game and paired on the defence with Ruth Bingham. Eva Brown, a member of the freshman class made the position of jumping centre and completed what was probably the smoothest working sextet that ever represented the purple on a basketball floor. The team was without doubt the best balanced, both offensively and defensively, that has ever played in the Interscholastic league. Eleven games were included on Central's schedule, all of these being victories for Central, the closest being the final which was played at the Y.M.C.A. and resulted in a purple victory by a score of 36 to 15. During the season the purple machine scored 592 points to the 69 scored by their opponents. The season was the third completed by C.C.I. without a defeat and saw the Central record of consecutive victories climb to forty.

Centrals introduced tactics that were novel to the Intercollegiate game by adopting so far as possible the newer methods of the men's game. On tip-offs they employed a revised addition of the "Y" formation of Wisconsin that brought five players into defence territory. When not in possession at least five of the players were concerned with defensive tactics. No team was able to cope successfully with this guard. Crescent Heights, in the final, did manage to score six times from the floor but in so doing weakened their own defence that Central counted no less than seventeen field baskets. Offensively the Central team was unstoppable, the strength of the attack lying in their using five players to rush the ball well up the floor and these employed short passes to retain possession until a forward broke free for a close-in shot.

Great credit is due to the members of the team for their faithful attendance at practice and the unselfishness which characterised the playing of each and every girl. Probably no better evidence of loyalty and team spirit could have been shown by any team than that displayed by the purple elad co-eds when they elected Alice Allen captain for the third year. It was a splendid tribute to the one so elected, but it is no less a one to the team themselves. Many a splendid team has been ruined by



SENIOR BASKET BALL TEAM

petty jealousies between players—Central girls by their actions prove they are superior to that sort of thing.

C.C.I. were grouped in the southern section of the league with South Calgary High School and Mount Royal College. The season opened with Centrals playing host to the College. The game, which was attended by as large a crowd as has ever witnessed a basketball game at C.C.I., was a landslide for the purple and resulted in a 73 to 1 victory. Sure of their new methods C.C.I. next invaded South Calgary and there registered an even more impressive victory by a score of 52 to nil, a rather remarkable result for a game played away from home. Crescent Heights were the next to meet Centrals, the game being an exhibition one on C.C.I.'s floor. The Sheiks provided the most strenuous opposition to date. In the early moments of the game they outplayed their hosts and at one point were leading by 4 to 0 but C.C.I. came down out of the clouds to have the half time score 22 to 6. In the second half the purple drive continued the game finishing 44 to 12 for C.C.I.

Central next entertained South Calgary and while the red and green gave a better exhibition than the earlier one on their own floor they were still a long, long way from Central's form. Central left the southern maidens stranded at the unlucky thirteen while they themselves found the hoop for 47 counters. The final game of the first half of the schedule was played at Mount Royal and resulted in a 70 to 3 Central win.

A few days later Mount Royal returned for their final game on Central's floor. Their defence showed improvement in that they held Central to 56 points but they were held to one lone counter on a free throw from the foul line. Central's next game saw them in action on the South Calgary floor where they proved that their carlier victory over the Southerners was no unmerited win. The purple girls attacked relentlessly throughout while maintaining their splendid defence with the result that the Stanleyites were forced to content themselves with three points and the Central clan piled up 54.

The following week South Calgary made their final appearance at Central. The game was particularly interesting in that C.C.I. gave an exhibition of a perfect defence. Not only did they prevent South Calgary from scoring from the field but the methods they used were as gentle and proper that fouls were so few that the Southerners did not even have the joy of scoring on a free shot. Nor in doing this did Central weaken their attack for when the final whistle tooted the purple score read forty. The final league game was played at Mount Royal and resulted in a win for C.C.I. by 62 to 6.

In the interval between the completion of the schedule and the final game with the winners of the northern section, Central played an exhibition game with Commercial High, runners-up in the northern section. The result was a complete Central victory by a 58 to 11 score. The final game was played with Crescent Heights on the floor of the Y.M.C.A. Early in the first period, Eva Brown received a bad fall when she was crashed to the floor trying to recover a rebound. Gloom fell on the Central supporters, as it looked as if C.C.I. would be minus their centre for the remainder of the game, but the freshman hooper pluckily continued after a few minutes rest. At half time Central was leading by 20 to 10. In the last half they tightened their defence holding Crescent to one field basket and winning the game by 36 to 15.

Central Seconds came back to their usual place at the top of the Southern Division of the Junior Interscholastic League and although they

failed to carry the championship, completed their schedule with a record of eight victories and two defeats. Of their defeats one was suffered on the South Calgary floor by one point and the other in the league final against Commercial at the Y.M.C.A. when they finished on the short end of the score by two points.

C.C.I. ran into more tough luck in the way of injuries than was ever experienced before. Marian MacKay, guard of last year's team, suffered a broken arm before the season started and was unable to join the team and Helen Mercer, last year's side centre, was kept out of the game for the first half of the schedule. The only other members of the 1925 team who returned to the game were Gladys Ross, jumping centre and Evelyn Waddell, guard. On the forward line Norma Bell, a freshman, and Jean Wallinger, a newconter from British Columbia found places. Nedra MacAllister, who played side centre during Helen Mercer's absence and substituted during the remainder of the season was also a freshman as was Margaret Lee, who made the other guard position.

The Central team found itself in their opening game when they met and defeated Mount Royals on Central's floor. Their real test came in the second game when they came from behind to defeat South Calgary on their home floor in the final quarter of the game. This habit of a strong



JUNIOR BASKET BALL TEAM .-- 1925-26.

THE ANALECTA 23

finish C.C.I. displayed when playing host to Creseent Heights in an exhibition game when they pulled the game out of the fire by two points by a speetacular final minute rally. Their first defeat was suffered in the second meeting with South Calgary on their own floor. The game seesawed throughout, South Calgary having a one-point advantage at the final whistle. By defeating South Calgary twice on Central floor and winning all four games from Mount Royal College, Centrals qualified to meet Commercial High School in the final.

This game was played at the Y.M.C.A. and resulted in a vietory for the Stenogs by a seore of 13 to 11. Central led at half time by 5 to 3 but were unable to hold their lead due ehiefly to the superior marksmanship of Commercial when shooting from the free throw line.



THE NEW CREATION

We're of the New Creation, We're of the Jazz-Band erew The seoffers and beraters Of the morals our parents knew.

We're built of flesh and blood, Sir! Perhaps you're made of stone. This age was never meant, Sir! For us to stay at home.

We eall it seeing life Sir! And we drink of its rich red wine But we are not wholly bad Sir! Just out for a real good time.

And our hearts they still ring true Sir! Though tarnished a little we know: But if you only saw within Sir! They're as white as the driven snow.

We'll tame down after a while Sir!
We'll sober and mend our paee.
We don't do anything now Sir!
That you would'nt have done in our place.

For you're built of the very same stuff Sir! As us of the eare free erowd. You're blood runs just as mad Sir! You know but you won't avow it.

Perhaps we'll see you again Sir! Sometime in the years to eome. When the sporty days have fled Sir! And we've found a big Someone.

Perhaps you'll realize then Sir! .
That you'd understand the lass.
That she wasn't so bad after all Sir!
It's the Twentieth Century elass.



SENIOR RUGBY

Did you ever stop to think how it is that C.C.I. has retained that Scnior Championship for so long? No? Then, kind reader, sit down and rest your hands and face, while I spout wisdom.

Here is the secret, which includes ten points. The first is the spirit of the old school, secondly, the ability of the boys who turn out to regular practice, and the other eight reasons are Arnold Wark, our very efficient coach. To this hardy veteran of the grid the School joins in extending their sincerest thanks for his indispensible services.

Arnold always gave us the latest line-up and signals and in this way we were about forty-seven jumps ahead of our competitors. One more reason which may be attributed to the constant success of the Seniors is the loyal way in which the student fans turn out to the games and cheer for the purple and gold.

That rugby is the most popular High School Sport in Calgary can readily be seen by the number of players envolved in the actual play. There were in the neighborhood of three hundred and twenty-five students making up the six junior, seven intermediate, and five senior rugby teams.

C.C.I. has not been quite as fortunate this year, as in preceding years, in capturing as many of the much valued trophies. They cannot, however be termed as "also-rans," because no team can truthfully say that Central ever fell easily. In fact the Intermediates lost out in the finals while our Juniors met defeat in the semi-finals. The Seniors still hold the title, however, having won it for the last four successive years and tenaciously intend duplicating their successes down through the centuries.

The first Scnior game of the season saw East Calgary High, drawn against C.C.I. Much speculation preceded the game, with East Calgary tipping the scales at nearly the same figure as Centralites. However, in the first two minutes of the game, when C.C.I. got their first touchdown Central stock went up out of sight. From that first "touch," it became evident that the East Enders were outclassed in the play and speed and with the exceptions of a few pretty plays pulled off in the first stanza, were never dangerous. The game ended with a 48-0 score for Central.

Second Game.—This second game revealed the vain efforts of our old time rivals, Crescent Heights, to bring the purple and gold banner from its lofty pinnacle. The Crescents managed to gain five points in this game and some still say it was luck, but here are the circumstances, judge for yourself: O'Connor, bucked the ball from ten yards out, across the touch line and waited for the whistle, when lo, and behold, in some mysterious manner the pigskin slipped away and when next seen was in the proud possession of one of the enemy who immediately emigrating to our own touchline, scored the first point. After this episode C.C.I. tightened considerably and the game ended in a 35-5 win for Central.

With two points more tucked safely away our next step was to muss up South Calgary's plans which would practically decide the championship.

Third Game.—At last the day came around for the decisive game. Neither team had lost a game and the clan from South Calgary, headed by George McTeer, presented a very formidable array of grave-diggers.

Early in the game a series of "Wark's originals" brought us our first touchdown. Things tightened to the breaking point. Signals snapped out, bone-crushing bucks drove up and down the field. The chanting school yells, mingled with the dusty air. Who would weaken? The pace became terrific and the South Enders soon showed the strain was telling on them. Still the C.C.I. line held, under the furious attacks. Our wings hung like leaches to anything in red and green and when it was a C.C.I. down the halves worked their hardest, Beland and Frew bearing the brunt of the bucking with "Plug" Johnson, and steadily gaining yards, while on the end runs it can be said without provarivation that Bev. Harris and Len Graves lost no time.

Frew turned in an excellent account of himself throughout the game which was featured by his ability to drop-kick. Twice during the game he succeeded in placing the oblong between the posts for a score, leaving the Hillmen gaping and helpless.

C.C.I. steadily increased their lead until at the end of the game the score stood 19-1 for Central. Now South Calgary's chance looked slim, they pinned all their hope on the fact that Western Canada College would lick us. This game, however, never materialized owing to a rather bad stretch of weather interfering so, the Collegians, like good sports conceded the game to us in order that the championship be decided. Thus the league ended and the Seniors again eaptured the coveted trophy.

The somewhat abrupt elosing of the Rugby season left the teams still "raring to go" so it was decided that C.C.I. and South Calgary should play an exhibition game on a Saturday afternoon.

This game proved to be the hardest game of the season and those who attended this last game, saw one of the best Senior Rugby exhibitions ever dished up to a Calgary aggregation. Neither teams eould break away and when the game finally ended, both teams spent much time in carting off their dead and wounded from the frozen ground. The seore board after the fray showed a 1-1 tie.

There are several factors entering in to this unfavorable result, but why talk about them. We know we can lick South Calgary, that's enough.

SUMMARY OF GAMES

- 1. East Calgary vs. C.C.I. C.C.I. won 48-0.
- 2. Crescent Heights vs. C.C.I. C.C.I. won 38-5.
- 3. South Calgary vs. C.C.I. C.C.I. won 19-1 (and the ehampionship.)

Line-up: Halves, Beland, Frew, Johnson, Munro, Harris, Herron; Centre, Wallace, Rutherford; Inside wings, McCleary, Kennedy, Neilson; Middle wings, Oulton, O'Connor, Borgal, L. Gardner; Outside wings, Cooper, Thom, Guay; Quarters, McCallum, Graves (Capt.); Coach, Arnold Wark.

TRACK MEET

Central High School again bowed down to Crescent Heights in the Interscholastic sports. For the amount of training, however, our athletes acquitted themselves very well.

We managed to secure a few points in A Class, Jack Ford coming second in the high jump and twenty yard dash, and our relay team winning a third. In B Class, when the smoke cleared, we found ourselves with only one second place. This being won by Charles Payne. It is in C Class that C.C.I. won most of her points. It was in this class that our tall friend Johnny Souter so distinguished himself by winning C Class individual honors. Johnny came first in the running broad, hop step and jump and twelve pound shot. In the running broad he set a new Interseholastic record. Walter Stilwell ran Soutar a close second by being only one-half a point behind. The relay team came second, those on it were, Wiedenhammer, Mitchell, Webster and Soutar.

In D Class Wilfred Bell eame second in the running high jump and Mauriee Fidler eame third in the shot put. Reuben Gardner was the sensation of this class by running rings around his rivals in the hundred yard dash. The relay team eame second owing to a fumble by one of the boys after they had it almost cinehed. Those on the team were R. Gardner, L. Gardner, M. Fidler and B. Harris. Jimmy Hunter eame third in the 880 yard run. This ended the day and we sincerely offer congratulations to Crescent Heights for the splendid showing. All details were eapably handled by our old friend Captain Ferguson.

Mr. Editor, Dear Sir:—

The question around the sehool and other places connected with the sehool is, "Why is it that we are not getting the results at the Field Day that we used to? Where has the spirit disappeared in the activity of the sports? Before, the pupils used to look on sports day as a day in which they were to triumph over the other sehools but now they just look at it as a half-holiday and a day in which they will not be victors but pupils carrying defeat.

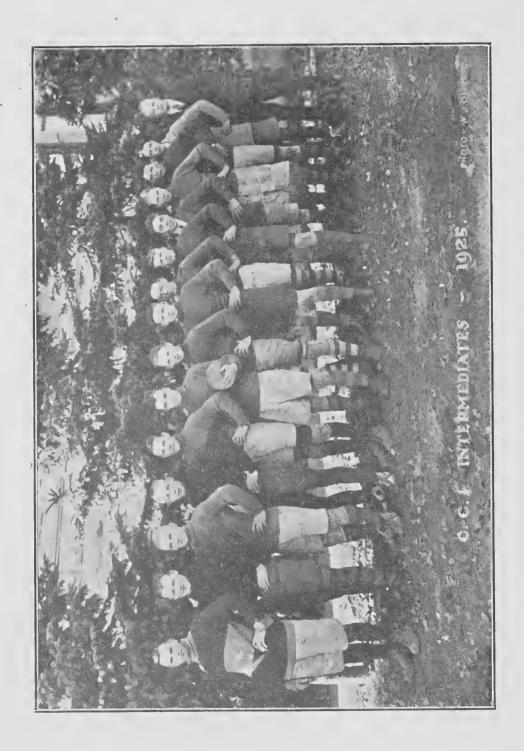
We never will be vanquishers again as long as that spirit prevails for the heart seems to be taken out of us at the very first.

"Why?"

Creseent Heights gets a half holiday about four weeks or so before the meet in which the whole school takes part in a field day of their own and in this way they are able to select the best Athletes of the school and give them special training until a few days before the meet so that they are in perfect condition.

Unfortunately at C.C.I. we do not have such a chance. I do not think there is any good reason why we should not have such an opportunity. We waste just as much time and more in my estimation, because we are let out (competitors who desire to go in for the sports) two or three periods a week about a week before the "Day" which doesn't give the athletes a fair chance or the school either.

Isn't it possible that we can have a half day off about four or five weeks before the event in which we can hold the eliminations in the



school? If we could do that then we would be able to have real practices at night or after four at Victoria Park. With the help of the teachers to give us a few hints, etc., we would be able to bring one shield back to the school at least.

The new boys that are at the school we do not know anything about, and if some one doesn't recommend them they do not get a chance to show what their ability is. So, many a time good athletes, who might bring honors to the school, are excluded.

It has been said that the school work would be neglected if we had a holiday, but I don't think so, because then we wouldn't need periods off to choose the contestants. Another thing the pupils going into the sports lose these periods in doing their best for the school while the others are able to get the work and do nothing at all.

To train for an athletic meet and to be in a fairly good condition an athlete must start training about two months before the meet to be able to accomplish results. He must not train in a haphazard way either, as this would spoil all the good in him. It is impossible to choose our contestants two months before the meet but we could choose them a month before any way, instead of two or three days as has been done in this and former years.

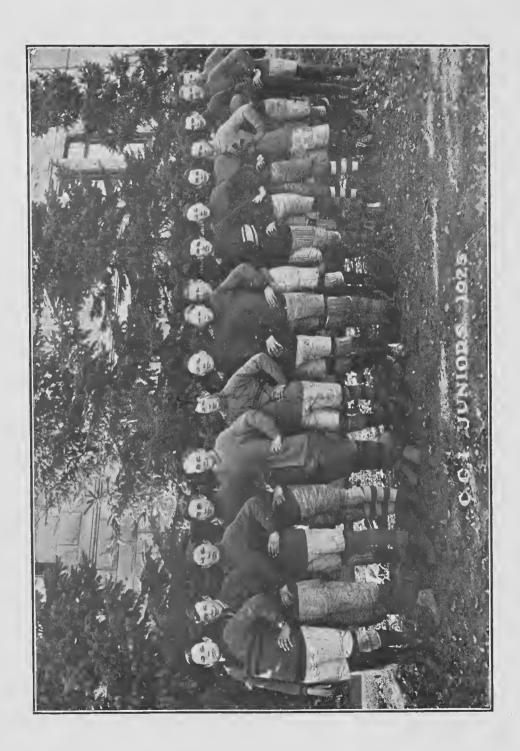
C.C.I. wouldn't have made the points she did last year if it had not been for a few boys who continually kept themselves in good condition. But even then they couldn't stand the pace set by the athletes from the North Hill. An example of this is—although Crescent Heights only won one individual Championship they were the proud holders of the five shields at the end of the day.

There is no doubt about it that C.C.I. still has a collection of good athletes because they shine at Rugby and Basketball, but why not get the same spirit into the Field Day? Last year we didn't have a person around the school who would lead the yells. Let us show some life next year. If the sports are worth going in for at all, why not go into them with the right spirit and say you are going to win. But we will not be able to go into them with this attitude if there is not a change made in the eliminations.

This is not written by a person who doesn't know anything about athletic meets but one who has been in them and realizes exactly what condition is necessary and what training a boy needs.

Here's hoping we see a change next year and a great deal more interest taken by everybody from the principal and teachers right down to the smallest pupil in the school. And if you aren't able to enter into the sports there is no elimination trials for the cheering squad.

I want to emphasize once more to get results give the pupils a half holiday and have a preliminary Field Day to choose the contestants for the October meet a month before time and give them a fair chance. The teachers would be of great help if they went out with the boys and helped them in some way or another. If this advice is taken I see no reason why we shouldn't have better results next fall.



JUNIOR RUGBY

First Game.—The season opened with a 17-0 shut out against St. Mary's. Although their team was a little on the light side, the Saints put up a good fight. On the C.C.I. half line, Wilkie rendered a good account of himself, and no doubt if the ground had not been under six inches of snow and slush, at the time, he would have added considerable to the score.

Sccond Game.—The second game was a hard fought battle. It is said to have been the best, and hardest fought Junior Rugby game ever played in Calgary. The teams were about even in weight and speed and although the Centrals had a better line, the easterners had the pick of the half backs. The score stood 1-0 until the dying moments of the game when, with two minutes to go, a field goal was dropped between the bars from twenty-five yards out, to make the score 4-0 for East Calgary.

Third Game.—Even with the aid of several Intermediates and Seniors Western Canada College went down to a 23-0 defeat. The long runs of Wilkie and Garden featured the playing. The line did some very effective work, and with a little co-operation of the half line the team stood ready to carry home the cup.

Fourth Game.—Their victory over the College brought Central into the semi-finals where they were called upon to meet Crescent Heights. Several on the C.C.I. squad failed to make the weight and met C.H.C.I. greatly handicapped, not having substitutes upon which to fall back. From the kick off the teams settled down to a hard grind and at the end of half time came around with no score. C.C.I. went in determined to liven things up this half and the team seemed suddenly to cut loose. They bucked their way down the field with the grim tenacity of a pile-driver. Then as fate would have it a kick was blocked and yards lost. Again the play was tried, and again it failed. This took the pep out of the Central Boys and before they could recover, Bobby Mills, the aggressive little half of the Crescent team uncovered a pretty play and sprinted over the line for a touch-down. A convert followed making the score 6-0. Garden, who kicked for Central, and Gilhooly, were the choice of the team, all however, doing more than their share.

The C.C.I. Junior Rugby team, although it did not win the much wanted trophy, turned in a credible showing.

The line was a world of strength and was without a doubt the best Junior line in the city. The halves were not only fast and heavy but unveiled some nice plays. It is without a doubt that had a coach been secured at the first of the season there would have been more silverware in the school than at present. However, the boys did not have a coach but under the able managing of Frank Dickson, their captain the team progressed excellently.

AN APPRECIATION

The whole reason that this year's rugby scason was so successful from every standpoint is due to the Rugby Committee who drew up the schedule and to the efficient referces.

The C.C.I. teams sincerely thank all referees and judges of play, who kindly acted when approached by the captains of the teams.

The referees are: Captain A. H. Ferguson, Major Williams, Mr. Ross, Mr. Archie McTeer, Mr. J. Clancy, Joe McGolderick and Maurice Fidler.

BASKETBALL

Central has achieved success in yet another line of sport—basketball—and now holds the envious record of having been defeated but once in seven starts.

The formation of a C.C.I. Boys' Basketball Team was found to be possible through certain activities of the Hi-Y Club of this school. The material for a team was brought to light in a two game, inter-room, series played at the Y.M.C.A.

In their first game, against Tech. the Centrals took the small end of a 34-27 score, their first and only defeat. Next, two teams were selected from the school and a game played at the "Y". With the Girls' Senior Basketball Team, who were breaking into boys' rules the boys got two good practices which improved team play to a great extent.

Their next game, against the Crescents was played at the Y.M.C.A. and although the Centrals took the victory 53-18, the score was no indication of the equality of the teams.

South Calgary fell easy prey to their next invasion which resulted in another win for Central 44-17.

At W.C.C. they had their first close game. As the floor was small, open playing was lacking, hence fouls were imposed on both teams frequently. The game ended 24-20 for C.C.I.

Those who saw the second C.C.I.-South Calgary clash were treated to the best game of the season. Although the squad from Central lead the score, from the tip-off, South Calgary was always dangerous. The dying moments of the memorable game saw the red and green elimb to within two points of a win. Central, however, adding another victory to the string with a score of 24-22.

Western Canada has been their latest victim, who sueeumbed to a score of 48-14, the game being played at the Y.M.C.A.

Players representing C.C.I. in inter-school games have been: Defence, Ken McCallum, Reub Gardner, Layt. Gardner, Len Graves and Tom Moore. Forwards, Fat Cooper (Vice-Capt.), Frank Kennedy, Les. Ashton, Everet Borgal, Emerson Borgal, Les. Oulton, Wilbur Robertson and Bev. Harris (Capt.)



SENIOR HOCKEY

The Senior Hockey Team finished second in the Southern section for the season 1925-26. For the past three years C.C.I. has held the championship and this year it was a great disappointment to lose.

The first game was played with South Calgary, who were lucky enough to win. C.C.I. had had very little practice as a team and were without the services of their goalkeeper during the first period. South Calgary notched two goals in the first frame to give them all the lead that was necessary. In the last two periods C.C.I. were by far the better team and with the aid of "Seive" Thorn in goal put up a fine game. However, the ice was slushy and so cut up that C.C.I. were only able to score one

goal. Wallace secred on a pass from Frew in the dying moments of the game which ended 2-1.

In the second game C.C.I. met the fast stepping Collegians from Western Canada College. The boys from Seventeenth Avenue were game but as luck was against them, they were defeated about 20-1. C.C.I. did not use any taet in this game or they might have profited by it, however, if they had used it as a practice.

The third game was played on keen iee against South Calgary. The boys from the hill were by far the better team in this game although C.C.I. elaimed the better players. The game was very fast and at the end of the first period there was no score. In the second period C.C.I. opened up with a brilliant individual rush by Wallace which resulted in a goal. The remainder of the period was fast but neither team could score. The last period C.C.I. was a little overconfident and South Calgary taking advantage scored two goals. Although the period was cut short by three minutes C.C.I. could not overcome the one goal lead. This game gave South Calgary the championship of the Southern Section and consequently the right to play off with Commercial in the finals.

SENIOR LINEUP

Goal-Walter Thorn.

Defence—R. Wallace, J. Frew, B. McCaffary.

Forwards—J. Souter, W. Johnston, H. Herron, J. Seott, L. Graves, A. Monroe.

INTERMEDIATE HOCKEY, 1925-1926

The schedule had the Centrals billed against St. Mary's who held the championship for the previous year.

The result of the first period's play allowed the C.C.I. team two goals, the result of elever and offensive playing by H. Wallaee.

In the second period St. Mary's staged a come-back and foreing the Central forwards behind the blue line, dropped the rubber disk behind C.C.I.'s goalie twice.

In the third period, however, the sterling support of E. Weidenhammer allowed the C.C.I. forwards to notch another three, thus making the final score 5-2 in favor of the purple and gold.

C.C.I. vs. W.C.C.

C.C.I.'s next game was staged against the players from Western Canada College, who, although limited in their pick of players, certainly played the game being on the short end of a 15-0 score.

C.C.I. vs. South Calgary

The result of this spectacular battle waged between two old and gallant foes gave the Centrals the best of a 5-2 score. The players for both teams performed in great style but the choice of the sporting aggregation falls on G. McLaren, who secured the fifth goal by sending a bullet-like drive into the South Calgary goal at the dying moments of the game.

This victory placed the Central team at the head of their section and

in a direct line for the championship.



C.C.I. vs. Crescents

Due to the persistent efforts of Nature to force Spring upon us the Centrals found it necessary to play a sudden death game with Crescent Heights. After an effort the handsome white structure of Andy Baxter was secured along with a portion of the ice which remained.

In the first period the Crescents scored first and due to cramped quarters and the soft ice held the lead right through to the middle of the third period. At this time the Centrals staged a rally notching two goals in quick succession. When the gong sounded the score stood 2-1 in favor of C.C.I.

LINE-UP:

Goal-W. Stilwell.

Defence—J. Payne, H. Wilkie, G. McLaren.

Forwards—H. Wallace, E. Weidenhammer, K. King (Captain), K. Huckvale, J. Dickson.

JUNIOR HOCKEY, 1925-1926

The hockey season during the past winter was unfortunately not as successful for C.C.I. as in previous years, due to lack of material. However our boys took this great disadvantage well and played up in spite of it, in true sporting fashion.

The first game played was against C.H.C.I. and came to pass at the Western Canada College rink. The ice, although soft, thus preventing fast play, did not hinder the general excitement which ensued as the game proceeded. Two minutes before the final gong the Centralites were leading but unhappily, after a brilliant rush down the left boards, one of the opposing players tied up the game which ended 2-2.

The third game with East Calgary was most disastrous for C.C.I. In the first period only three players appeared on the ice. The score resulted in 7-0 for the East Enders.

The last game against South Calgary was more or less of a scrap game. As a result of the inattention of the referee the first period lasted for thirty-five minutes; the second for twenty minutes and the last twenty-five minutes. South Calgary, however, had an excellent team and won by a good margin.

Although C.C.I. Juniors won the title last year they were unfortunately unable to retain the "silverware." Try again Juniors!



Come bow your head in mourning,
And weep a bit,
'Tis gone, but not forgotten,
That old time Lit.

When a teacher asks a question in class, the answer to which is either "yes" or "no", say "yes" or "no", don't just shake your head. The teacher is usually too far away to hear it rattle.

TENNIS

Owing to the gradual upheaval or reformation which has taken place in school this year, the question of tennis has once more been brought forward and I feel more or less duty bound to say a few words in this connection.

During the last two months I have had numerous students, both boys and girls come to me with the suggestion of reviving "Ye Ancient Tennis Club." Some came with ideas of raising the necessary capital for the enterprise, and to them I listened with an air of fatherly wisdom, others bubbling over with brand new ideas for tournaments and such like would grab me by the arm, and when I had ceased writhing in their terrible grasp, would bubble into my car the glorious benefits of such an undertaking and then just as suddenly dash off leaving me grasping at a few vapour like shreds of brain waves, having to do with new official tennis balls, wonderful drives, shale courts, tennis clubs, and caretakers. To all I gave equal encouragement, praised their suggestions and plans though to tell the truth I could not for the life of me restate what anyone of the numerous orators had said ten seconds after they had left. Although such enthusiastic co-workers appeared from every quarter, I see no advancement towards the rolling or preparing of our north-west corner.

Personally, I believe that with the coming back of the school spirit the re-establishment of the tennis courts would be quite an asset to the school. However, do not let us be overzealous or over-enthusiastic with regard to this. This year is, I believe, a bit too early for such a move. If it is deemed advisable to organize a Tennis Club again, call a meeting discuss the subject thoroughly, but make no move until absolutely certain that such a project will not fall through. A reasonable suggestion proferred to me for the staple establishment of the club is through the fostering of the Parent-Teachers' Association.

It seems a shame in a way that the old club was not kept up, bad courts seems to be the answer. Why bad courts? Poor organization and so you see if it is not properly and thoroughly gone into, we will always have the tombstone reminding us of a failure in the co-operation of students in Central High.

I am enclosing letters from one or two students in this connection. Give this a thought and see if we can't relieve the school of that sad reminder of ancient days which stands so forlornly in the nor'-west corner of the grounds.—EDITOR.

Editor of the "Analecta."

Dear Sir:-

This short, but pithy letter is to applaud the strenuous efforts of the students in Central High in keeping the tennis courts in such wonderful condition during the last three years. Again, as spring rolls its green way in with its bright, sunny yet cool days, which are so ideal for tennis playing, the courts will be seen to swarm with students anxious to share the work. In no time, the courts will be rolled, the tapes laid, the fences repaired and the nets up. Soon the tennis tournaments will be held and many hard battles fought until the finals have been reached. Excitement will reign high in the old school and everybody will turn out. Mothers,

fathers and ex-students with the memories of their school days still bright and undimmed. The last struggles then are finished to a bitter end and the winners showered with congratulations from their friends. This sounds like a pleasant fable but the day was not so long ago when this really and truly took place.

Those past glorious days when school spirit rang far and wide, when students had some real, genuinc pep, and came to school not with the expectations of only drudgery in front of them. Instead they came with the idea fixed firmly in their hearts to uphold the reputation of Central and to keep the purple and gold in the air. Come on, wake up, forget that Rip Van Winkle sort of existence and remember if only for a little while that you are alive. Get out and work for the school, I am sure it will not hurt your health. It is a disgrace to the school to have the courts in such a dilapidated condition. A disgrace to C.C.I. that can easily be overcome. It is not too late, form a tennis association, elect competent officers and finally get to work. You not only owe it to yourself but you owe it to the honor of Central.

AL. MONROE.

Dear Mr. Editor:-

There were, until three years ago, to the west of the school, several tennis courts on which those who attended Central High spent many pleasant afternoons and evenings. Then the interest died and in a few years' time they almost ceased to exist, there were fewer and fewer players, the courts decayed, and soon nothing was left but the remains of the tall, spare fence, a sad reminder of bygone days.

Now why has this state of affairs been allowed to exist, why have the courts been left to go to ruin? Are the present C.C.I. students inferior in vigor and activity to those of previous years? Not one of us will admit it so I'm afraid that tennis was simply forgotten.

Besides the individual pleasure that these courts would bring to the members themselves they would be a benefit to the school. Tennis, though perhaps it had slipped back for a few years is now once more taking the lead in summer sports and with the re-establishment of Central's courts would it not add to the social status of our school and give proof of our leadership in every line.

As an objection to the courts, financial difficulties and problems might be raised. All recognized clubs have a set fee. Why not we? Their mcmbership is great. Should we not open the courts to others besides the present-day students and form a lasting tennis organization in the school?

How many in the school are there who have never handled a racket? Not many. Such courts as we would have would aid in bringing out the latent talent of many of the would-be players and keep together numerous already-recognized stars in the school. All of this will, if we only give it a thought, go towards the keeping up of the lasting relationships founded and developed in the school, so the ball is started, let's keep it rolling.

SWIMMING HONORS

One of the most conspicuous names in C.C.I.'s hall of fame is that of Helen Woodside, holder of Provincial and City Championships in swimming. This young lady was born in Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, 16 years ago, but in hearing that there were two rivers in Calgary, brought her family along and has resided here for nine years. She is a member of the Senior Champion Basketball team and is proficient in other sports; but she excels particularly in the noble art of swimming and is rapidly becoming a first-class diver. She started her winning streak in 1922, when she won the Mrs. C. E. Nelson trophy at the Y.W.C.A. pool. Since then she has taken part in most of the swimming meets held in Alberta and never fails to bring home at least one prize—usually more. Up to the present she has won five Provincial Championships, two city titles, the Calgary Club crown and the Banff Winter Carnival championship. This young mermaid shines particularly in the 50 and 100 yard dashes, having won Provincial and City titles in both, but she has also won Provincial titles for the side stroke, back stroke and breast stroke contests. Among her 21 medals and five trophies are the Webb, Hopkins, Mrs. C. E. Nelson and Eaton cups, the bronze medal of the Royal Life-Saving Association and others too numerous to mention. Her latest triumph is the capture of the Eaton Cup at the Banff Winter Carnival this year, which marks her 34th victory in the water. She has won this cup for the last three years . Helen has not yet extended her activities in this line beyond the limits of the Province, but it is safe to say that when she does, more honors will be hers. C.C.I. may well be proud of this remarkable young lady, whose past performances are doomed to be far surpassed by her feats in the future.



SHOOTING, 1925

In 1925 Central High again led the way in shooting. Under the able guidance of Captain Ferguson the boys added many more laurels to our school's already enviable record. C.C.I. not only led every cadet competition in Alberta but ranked high in whole Dominion. Individually, too, the boys of Central High won the majority of the prizes both on indoor and outdoor ranges. The successes won, however, should be greatly attributed to Captain Ferguson who spends practically every minute of his spare time coaching the teams.

In the Alberta Strathcona Class A Competition, Central High won both the Senior and Junior shields. The Senior team included: W. Cole, J. Hunter, R. Bowker, A. Monroe, D. Kepler, R. Beland, T. Moorc. The Junior team consisted of C. Fifc, M. Peds, C. Gilhooly, J. Gillis and T. Martin. Wayne Cole won the Senior Individual Championship while Charley Fife won the Junior Individual Championship.

Robert Bowker, who was one of the best indoor shots who ever attended this school, won the D. E. Black Shield, emblematic of the miniature championship and the senior best shot badge. C. Gilhooly won the junior best shot badge.

In the Canadian Rifle League, which was also shot indoors our senior and junior teams again led the province. In the senior competition, R. Bowker, J. Hunter and T. Moore won first-class badges. Second class badges were won by R. Beland, A. Monroe, J. Redders, K. Leaper, R. Grant,

R. Foulds, D. Kepler, H. Fish, W. Greig, T. Valentine, J. Haley, Everett Borgal, R. Gardiner, G. O'Neil, A. Carscallen, R. Wallace, W. Riehards, B. Ramsay, E. Danielson, J. Keith, H. Fife, C. Vernon, S. Stevens and R. MeLean. In the junior competition first-calss badges were won by C. Gilhooly and M. Peds. Second-class badges were won by C. Fife, B. Mamise, F. Martin, W. Brouder, J. Gillis, H. McKay, P. Harris, J. Jungston, E. Taylor, A. Buckley and L. Wentz.

The senior team had a remarkable average of 96.35%. The juniors

had 92.57%.

R. Bowker and T. Moore won special certificates and prizes in the senior.

In the Inter-High School Championship, on the outdoor shooting Central High was successful all around. The senior team won the D. E. Black shield. On the team were E. Borgal, J. Frew, J. Haley, R. Gardiner, G. O'Neil.

The junior team won the C.R.F. shield, the team consisting of J. Hunter, R. Bowker, C. Fife, C. Vernon, L. Gardiner.

The Junior Individual Championship was won by J. Hunter who is therefore, holder of the Armstrong Cup for the year. He also won a set of cuff links.

D.C.R.A. Bronze Medals were awarded to E. Borgal, J. Hunter and R. Bowker for having the highest aggregate.

The Alberta Provincial Rifle Meet came next, Central High winning the Captain Fred Martin eup, emblematic of the Provincial Championship for eadet teams.

Allison Monroe won the Senior Individual Championship and a silver medal, after shooting off a tie with Harold Palmer of S.C.H. school.

A team was sent east and three boys from Central made places. These were, J. Hunter, T. Moore and W. Cole. It is well to note that while in the Junior, special prizes and certificates were won by C. Gilhooly, C. Fife, M. Peds, F. Martin and B. Manise.

In the Canadian Rifle League outdoors the only senior first-class spoon won was by Everett Borgal. Second-class spoons were won by J. Frew, A. Monroe, R. Gardiner, R. Beland, J. Haley, G. O'Neil, F. Kennedy, W. Bell and H. Fish. In the junior competition first-class spoons were won by J. Hunter, R. Bowker, E. Borgal, F. Gardiner, B. Manise, C. Fife, C. Vernon, T. Moore, R. Grant, R. Harris, P. Harris, L. Wentz, B. Ramsey, H. Grevett and H. McKay. Second-class spoons were won by L. Webster, W. Brender, F. McKee, J. Gillis and J. Langston.

Everett Borgal won the aggregate prize for Seniors.

J. Hunter won the aggregate prize for juniors.

The senior team won third place while the junior team won first place in the above league for all cadets in Canada.

J. Hunter and T. Moore returned from Ottawa without any damage

being done to them.

In the Dominion Marksmen Club three Central High boys were members of the team that won the Provincial Championships, each receiving a handsome silver medal. Also, over sixty gold, silver and bronze pins were won by boys of C.C.I.

Again must be given many thanks to Captain Ferguson for his invaluable work for which the whole school tenders him its heartfelt thanks. We hope, too, that he may continue in his capacity for many

years to come.

Garry's Rebellion

INTRODUCTION

They say that when boys get into High School they feel so mannish they won't even wear kid gloves, but insist on men's. Such was the ease with Garry. It is queer how High School makes men of boys over night and still more queer how no one but themselves will believe they are men. That is what led Garry to rebellion.

GARRY'S REBELLION

Garry sighed as he fingered the covers of "Tom Swift and His Great Searchlight." It seemed so unfair; Tom Swift, the hero of the book, was just a boy about his own age and yet he was treated like a man. It was only yesterday that Garry was called "an impudent young upstart" before the class by his science teacher for skipping a detention, and Barbara had laughed at him. He closed his book with a bang and threw it in the writing desk. Why should he stand for such treatment? He was a man, fully seventeen years and three and three-quarter months; he wore long pants and his upper lip promised the necessity of his first shave in the near future.

He clenched his fists and scowled, Barbara had laughed at him and spoiled it all after he had striven so hard to appear an up-to-the-minute sheik before her eyes. After all, life was dark, dull and unfair. If only he had the chance to show what a man he really was, to make people feel awed when in his presence, but everybody was so unfair, and so unheeding.

Hc turned to his homework books on the table with clenched fists. Picking up a few text books hc dashed them to the floor knocking over a vase of flowers.

"Garry! What in Heaven's name are you——." Garry's mother did not finish.

"Any more of your temper, and you'll get more," she said, after soundly boxing his ears. "Now you get the floor mop and wipe up that water, stop that frowning and be sharp,—the idea." He obeyed in silence, the battle in him growing hotter and hotter. More baby treatment! It was the last straw.

Slowly he picked up the offending books. "---! ?!!" he

muttered.

"What?" cried his mother from the living room.

"I just said," he repeated, "that I really must be more careful."

Wednesday morning found Garry with his rebellious spirit somewhat bent, but by no means broken. The fact that he was not prepared for the morning's test did not help smooth matters. He made his way towards the school with his head down and hands thrust deep in his pockets. "Hi, there, Cowans," called a boy approaching him. "Good thing the test Bergen will give us today will be the last, nice little test we had yesterday, eh?"

"So's your old man," muttered Garry, frowning.

The boys found the school in a turmoil when they entered. Students were assembled in the halls, strangely silent, and Dr. Kelley was standing

on a chair in the centre of the floor, talking in serious tones. A brief case containing the examination papers for the day's test and all the money brought in from the "Analecta" had disappeared, the papers that had taken such long and careful preparation, and were supposed to be distributed, and the test written that day. Somebody had taken them to prepare for the test, which was a serious offense. The culprits must be found and the papers recovered and anyone knowing anything about them was honor-bound to tell for the honor of C.C.I.

"If the guilty party is now in this hall," said Dr. Kelley, eying every face, "it will save him further trouble to confess and take what is coming

to him." Not a soul stirred, not a word was whispered.

Again he adressed the students. "We will break up school till Monday," he said slowly, "and in the meantime the guilty party must for his own sake and that of the school, return the papers to my home and come to me in person. Dismiss."

A buzz rose as the students filed out of the four doors. Now who

could have been guilty of such dishonor?

The Kappa Kappa Iota Club Dance was to take place at McDonald's Academy the following Friday and it was decided, since all arrangements had been made, to continue with them in spite of the morning's event. Garry was happy, for he was to escort Barbara. She had said he was a wonderful dancer at the Double Seven Club, and that was before he could do the Charleston.

Friday evening found Garry dressed and waiting for half past eight to roll along. He adjusted his little bow tie and surveyed his twenty-six inch balloons with pride. He felt every inch a man, for had he not had his first shave before dressing?

Standing before the long hall mirror he began practicing the flea hop and skating step. If Barbara had thought him a wonderful dancer before he could dance the Charleston, what would she think of him if she saw him now!

Hc turned and saw his mother standing in the doorway and stopped immediately. "Is the mirror large enough?" she asked. Then looking

at the twisted carpet at his feet she made a grimace.

"How many more times must I tell you not to practice your Egyptian snake dances on my rugs?" she exclaimed. "You'd make this house a wreck if I wasn't behind you all the time. Now run along out and don't get into mischief," she added.

"Bah!" he cried, slamming the front door, "babied like a three-year-old," - - - grumble - - - mumble - - - "Bah!" he burst out again, "I won't

stand for it."

He was walking up Thirteenth Avenue, past the C.C.I. building to call for Barbara, when a figure darted out of the trees in the school yard and brushed rapidly past him. Garry turned and looked after him and gasped. The person was carrying a brief case.

Involuntarily he turned and followed at a safe distance. How important he felt; he was a detective. Barbara would no doubt be very annoyed when he failed to show up that evening, but he would be the hero of the hour the next day. It was his great chance, he would have the school at his feet, then perhaps, Barbara would be sorry she laughed at him, and make up for it by showing her respect for him.

The mysterious individual walked rapidly, but Garry had no trouble in keeping track of him and keeping out of sight. He picked his way THE ANALECTA

with certainty, passing many streets and avenues in a short time. He slackened his pace as he drew near the Centre Street bridge, and Garry's heart beat faster as he waited while the man disappeared down the concrete steps leading under the bridge.

Slowly and noiselessly he followed, stopping every now and then to listen. When he reached the bottom the man was near the other end of the bridge and Garry doubled his pace to catch up to him.

Upon reaching the other end, he found, much to his dismay that the man was nowwhere to be seen. He stopped and listened intently. Not a sound disturbed the stillness of the night. Fear clutched at his heart. Where could he have gone to? He was about to walk on to see if the man was in the road ahead when a hoarse cough sounded not ten feet from him. He held his breath and his heart missed a beat. Had he been seen? Was he suspected? Would he be forced into silence till the person got away? He stood still as a statute, wishing the watch in his pocket did not tick so loudly. When a minute or two had passed and nothing happened he breathed easier. Slowly he dropped on his hands and knees and crawled up to the bushes from which the cough came. Foosteps sounded from the direction of the bridge and he flattened himself to the earth and lay very still. The newcomer was apparently another man or boy, who had something to do with the crime for he passed Garry and joined his friend.

"Have any trouble getting it?" he heard the latter say in a hoarse

whisper.

"Nope," answered the former, "got 'm here in this bag, no trouble at all."

"Oh, hang it all," muttered the second and larger of the two, "this

is dirty business, I hatc it, I tell you, I hate it."

The other coughed. "Aw, ferget it," he grunted. "When you don't get enough liberties there is only one thing to do and that is to help yourself to more, this is the second lot we've brought and we are not any the worse for it."

"Ah!" thought Garry, "so this is a new lot of papers they've taken,

well their goose is cooked and burnt."

"Well, shall we put this with the rest Kridge?" whispered the little

man, rising on his knees.

"Wal—ah" drawled the one addressed as Kridge, "I meant to get some smokes before coming here and forgot, so let's hide it here till we get back, what say, Page?"

Page was silent awhile. "I'll stay with it" he said at last. "Prevent

any risk."

"Ah bother," said Kidge, impatiently, "c'mon, don't be a ninny. What'll hurt it here, not a soul in six hours passes here in the night."

Garry held his breath while they walked past him and hurried towards the bridge. He waited till their footsteps died away in the distance, then crept silently to the spot where the men had been sitting. There lay the brief case, just where the men had thrown it. After pausing a moment to listen, he picked it up and made short work of getting to the top of the bridge. There he stopped to examine it, and smiled. "My what a glittering hero he would be on the morrow; how the teachers would respect him." Suddenly a thought came to him, and his face fell. Supposing they would not believe his story and think he was the guilty party and that he had become frightened of Kelley's speech and decided to return the goods after carefully examining the papers. He paused as

though uncertain whether to continue his plans or not when he noticed the buckles on the lags sealed. They had not been broken and the papers could not have been seen. He smiled again.

He was about to replace it under his arm when a letter in the little

pocket of the case caught his eye.

"Jumping grasshoppers, what is this?" he muttered, quickly drawing out the letter. It proved to be only an empty envelope, but served its purpose. On it was writeen:

T. W. Page,

Madison Boarding House,

Calgary.

This was evidently the man who had brought the case to the bridge. Garry nodded with satisfaction.

He decided to keep the matter secret and next day have an officer of the law hunt the guilty man up and take both him and the case to Kelley without further delay. No he would not tell a soul about his adventure till the last bit of work was finished, then revel in their praise and complimentary looks. Boy heroes did not only exist in books after all!

The next morning he lost no time in repeating the story to an officer, who agreed to produce the man. They had no trouble finding the culprit who looked at the brief case with blank surprise but made no comment

when placed under arrest.

Garry felt he was at the very peak of manly success as he led the way to Kelley's residence. His name would be in the papers, he would be called a budding natural talented detective. He would no longer need totry so hard to please Barbara, instead she would feel honored if he smiled at her and never bring up the fact that he had broken his engagement the night before without an explanation. Oh, this was life! Real life!

His pulse beat fast as the house came into view, he felt the heat creep up to his forehead and cheeks. Kelley looked first at the officer, whose face did not betray a single thought, as he led the trio into his study. He then looked at Garry who smiled faintly and fidgeted, then at Page who stared sullenly with a look of surprise and sullenness.

"Well?" said Kelley, addressing the officer. "What is it?"
"This young man will tell you," he said, turning to Garry.

Briefly he narrated his previous night's adventure, emphasizing how he tracked every move of the man. "And," he added, slowly, "I overheard them say this is the second lot they've taken, so they must have some papers or money which has not yet been missed."

Amazement and blank surprise were written on Page's face as Garry told his story. But if Page seemed surprised Kelley was more so.

"Now that is rather odd," he said calmly. "This brief case resembles that of Mr. Smith's, one of my teachers, but the case containing the papers and money was found yesterday."

"Were what?" gasped Garry, staring wide eyed.

"Were found yesterday," he repeated. "They slipped off the window sill in between those folded seats that were taken up to the assembly hall. The janitor came across it yesterday."

But. . . but. . . ah. . . " stammered Garry, "how about this brief

case, is it another belonging to the school?"

Kelley shrugged his shoulders and picking up the case, opened it.

THE ANALECTA

Page took a step forward but the officer placed a hand firmly on his shoulder and drew him back.

Dr. Kelly looked at the contents of the case for a moment, then burst out laughing.

"Phew," said Garry, screwing up his face, "whatever that bag contains has the swect essence of dead gophers."

The officer then released Page.

"Well," he said, after viewing the brief case, "give us an explanation. Why did you hide this Limburger cheese?"

"The Limburger cheese? Garry asked, his mouth gaping.

Page cleared his throat. "Well, officer, you see it's this way." He said, huskily. "I sure like that there cheese, but me wife won't allow me to eat it or have it in the house, so me and Kidge, who boards at our house, decided to buy it and eat it on the sly."

"Well, I'll be darned," said Garry, as he dropped into a chair, mopping his brow. "I'll be double darned."

M. BERYL DANIELS.



A PERFECT DAY

'Twas one morning in a hundred Margaret Lea got up on time. I relate of such a rare day In commencement of this rhyme Oh, that girl was wondrous happy, For where she oft had none, She had a tenth, or two-tenths Of her nightly homework done. She ate a hearty breakfast, And set off to school in tune Fit to face a horde of teachers Though they nagged her until noon. She scraped through the morn successfully For no teacher noticed her; As her seat had sunk (by accident?) Four inches from the floor. The afternoon passed happily, Her praises loudly sung When she answered questions lustily About the one-tenth she had done. Does this not, pray, End a perfect day

Of school-life; I dare say?

Standard Keyboard

IN HIGH SCHOOL AND OUT

In high school typewriting classes the number of L. C. Smith office machines is mounting rapidly every day because teachers and students find these ball bearing, long wearing typewriters so easy to operate and best for increasing speed and neatness of work. As every student knows, practice is the surest method of hastening perfection and a machine in the home makes progress more rapid. But few feel able to purchase a big machine for such use even if its size did not make it inconvenient for the home.

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606A Centre Street, Calgary, Alberta

Literary Activity

Where are our "Lits"? This question is quite in order, for we have not heard of such things for about three years and they are spoken of only in low and reverent tones. The literary activities of a school are very important from an educational standpoint, as well as helping to build up the much lacking school spirit. The students entering High School have heard their brothers and sisters, who attended this school in the "good old days", talk about the "Lits." They enter the school in joyous anticipation which lasts for some time, but finally turns to rank disappointment. Then questions are asked, but no satisfactory answers are given as general ignorance prevails. If the Literary Society is mentioned at the present time, a grin of knowing sareasm spreads over everybody's countenance, and very caustic remarks ensue. Why should this condition exist? The Student's Council, that high minded intellectual aggregation of students who were to remedy conditions, speaking in the common vernacular, has "flopped." The said illustrious ones spent most of their time arguing over the advisability of purchasing a new flag for the school.

Where is the Dramatic Club,—is it also extinct? What has become of the Tennis Club? All are but faint memories to most of us.

Now, Students of C.C.I., are we to lie down on the job and let such a deplorable condition of affairs exist? How about the old school spirit, —shall we let it die also? The new students, principally the Nines, have gone through the year without any team work or encouragement from the other grades.

Would this condition have been remedied by a Literary Society? I say "Yes"! The Literary Society gets each room doing its bit in turn, and the whole school working together. The "Lits" form a common plane upon which all the pupils may meet with equality. The one attempt was the school theatre party, which as an inspiring demonstration of school spirit was a complete "washout" after the first hour as far as C.C.I. was concerned. How about a little action?

It is granted the school is beginning to show feeble signs of life and spirit. Why even this ancient chronicle of forgotten ages, "The Analeeta," has been revived. But shall we stop here? Is this state of affairs to go on? Are the other High Schools to laugh at C.C.I. their once proud leader?

The Literary Society and other bodies mentioned have not been suppressed as is the general opinion, but died a natural death due to the students' indifference and neglect. There was, and still is, plenty of talent to support such bodies—why not utilize it?

The drastie change in school system helped to kill the "Lits" to some extent, but now that it is working smoothly this is no longer an excuse.

The main problem now is to determine if the "Lits" are wanted, and if so some system of holding them. The present Assembly Hall will not accommodate the students, which now number well over six hundred. but I am sure that some plan could be devised whereby all would be satisfied. The Editor will be much obliged for any ideas on this subject.

Now, ean we stage a comeback? Well, I'll say so! Oh, it is too late now you say. Well, maybe you think so. How about the 31st, the last day of the Exams.? That is just a gentle hint, but it should be enough. Alright fellows, let's start the ball rolling and then get behind the old C.C.I. Bandwagon and push, and show that we are still alive.



"S' FUNNY"

Call a girl a chicken and she likes it, Call her an old hen, she'll start to swear, Say that she's a kitten and she'll kiss you, Say that she's a eat, she'll pull your hair.

Murmur, "You're a peach," she'll almost hug you, Say that she's a prune, she'll smash your jaw, Which only goes to prove that girls are funny, The funniest sort of thing you ever saw.

But, eall a boy a bear and he'll be flattered, Say that he's a cub, he'll muss your map, Tell him he's a bull, he kind of likes it, Call him a young calf, you're in a serap.

Gurgle, "You're a gay dog," and he's happy, Say that he's a hound, you need a hearse, Well, as we said before, the girls are funny, But still, we must admit it, boys are worse.

---T. M.



"I am a painter," said the first man. "I work in oil mostly."

"I too am an artist," said the second, "I work in bronze."

"I am a seulptor," said the third man, "I work in stone."

"Ah, then,' 'said the last of the quartet, "We all have a common interest, I teach at Central High School, I work on ivory."



The Rugby Banquet

The 1925-6 season of social activities was opened with a bang when the girls of Grade Twelve staged their Annual Rugby Banquet in honor of the team. The scene of festivities was the Assembly Hall and the festiviters if they may be so ealled, the members of the Junior, Intermediate and Senior Rugby teams of this school also representatives of the various football teams in the city; the C.C.I. staff of teachers and several other honorary guests.

The hall was appropriately decorated with the good old "Purple and Gold," and novelty paper eaps added to the zest of the oceasion. Another original feature was the place-eards; eleverly designed and painted by Louise Burka. Throughout the evening the school orehestra, under the leadership of Miss Dorothy Smith, proved its ability with the most entertaining music.

The Banquet over, Dr. Hutchinson opened the program with a short address, suitable in every sense for the occasion. In this he emphasized the necessity of fair play in school sports and specially complimented the boys for their unyielding principles in that respect. At the conclusion of this Captain Ferguson, well-known leader of boy activities in the city, presented the shields to the Senior Championship team, and the sport medal to Johnny Suitor.

The Intermediates, then, in appreciation of the aid rendered to them by Mr. Dunlop, presented him with a small token of their appreciation. Perhaps though, when all is said and done, the feature of the evening eame when Leonard Graves, with rare dignity and ealm perseverence, presented, on behalf of the boys, with a few select and earefully chosen words, large boxes of chocolates to the girls who needless to say, received them with equal pomposity. The remainder of the evening was occupied with a program, delightful in its variety and originality.

Many thanks are due to Miss Elliot of the staff for the kind efforts in making this year's banquet probably one of the most sueeessful ever

known.

Banquet Committee

Chairman—Reno Anderson.

Secretary—Helen Smith.

Refreshments—Della Seott.

Decorations—Alta Manson.

Dishes—Ruth Bingham.

Program—Doris Bingham and Emily Cragg.

THE ANALECTA 49



as pictured by one eminent teacher

PARTY AT HOME OF ALTA MANSON

Although winter was coming on and the Rugby boys were not again to meet in the field, neverthless they were yet to spend together some evenings mingling in in other pleasurable activities. One of these gatherings took the form of a house dance at the home of Miss Alta Manson. There was plenty of peppy music, pretty girls and the boys turned out in true sheik style. What could be more enjoyable? In the opinion of those present—nothing—for everyone spent a most delightful evening.

DOUBLE SEVEN DANCE

The members of the Double Seven Club took advantage of the social season the winter provided to entertain their high school friends at a dance in McDonald's Academy. The students had been looking forward to this event for some time in pleasant expectation and when the night finally arrived turned out en masse. Everyone enjoyed themselves and all declared the evening to be a decided success. The members of the Club responsible for this dance were:

Ralph Rogers (Chairman), Ethel Donnelly, Secretary, Violet Silverthorne, Evelyn Nichols, Bethel Scott, Betty Payntz, Elsie Newcomb, Beverly Harris, Bill Hillocks, Leslie Matheson, Jack Hayes, Elmer Herring, Jack Keith and Florence Varley.

KAPPA KAPPA IOTA CLUB

In the days gone by sehool clubs have come and gone. One year they are the life of the school, but the next gone and forgotten. Time passes—they are recalled not, until some ex-student of the dim and shrouded past recalls memories vague, of the bygone days, the misty shreds of ancient clubs.

Once more within the portals of Central High another organization has sprung to life, "The Kappa Kappa Iota Club," consisting mostly of

members of the Rugby teams and a few prominent students in the school. Again as in the past it has been the life of the year and admittance to this fraternity is indeed an unlooked for privilege. Should this be a beacon, confined to the present? Should we allow it to dwindle away once more and slip away into oblivion? Why not make it a school club, a fraternity of the year, a body to perpetate the spirit of past patriots. Here are a few suggestions for the accomplishment of this end.

One must be a member of the Senior Rugby Team or a leading spirit in the school.

Let it at an opening meeting decide upon a major activity for the year, and work ultimately for this single achievement.

Proceeds from the financial year to be divided, a certain percentage going to some charitable institute and the remainder to the further development of the club.

These are only ideas, but if acted upon by the above-mentioned students can be put across.

THE C.C.I. ORCHESTRA

Among the most distinguishing characteristics of the 1925 Rugby Banquet given by the girls of Grade Twelve was the small orchestra which was formed especially for the occasion.

Recruited from all those in the school who could, and would play, this orchestra numbered six in all. These six were:

First Violin—Dorothy Smith, Marjorie Hardy. Second Violin—Jean Wonnacott, Margaret Moody. Saxaphone—Betty Buckley.

Piano—Laura Wallace.

Popular music was kindly lent by John Payne and the orchestra succeeded in creating sufficient "noise" to keep the guests from hearing themselves speak and to keep things lively. In the programme which followed the banquet it contributed two well-known numbers which were received very graciously by the audience.

The Senior girls have acquitted themselves very well this year as regards social achievements—and we hope that their successors will do as well.

KAPPA KAPPA IOTA DANCE

The Kappa Kappa Iota Club held a Rugby Ball in McDonald's Academy on January 29, 1926. Although the dance was put on with short notice, there was a very large attendance representing the youth and beauty of most of the colleges and collegiates in the city. The music, creditably rendered by Wallenger Orchestra, was interpreted by the students in all manner of dances from pre-historic to the latest kicks of the Charleston.

It was intended to give a Charleston prize but the committee found the task of choosing too difficult and so with due discretion awarded the prizes to winners of novelty dances. At the close of the evening the students of the different schools gave their college yells with due amount of pep.

SLEIGH RIDING PARTY

In the month of January the Kappa Kappa Iota Club, or in other

words the Senior Rugby Champions held a sleigh riding party.

It was a delightful moonlight evening with mild weather and plenty of snow on the ground. A joyful crowd proceeded westward from the school in one of Ted Neilson's numerous vehicles, namely a sleigh (for dumbells) not forgetting to stop at the top of the first hill to test their lung power and see their task master (?) preparing for the odd dance. He had evidently decided to spend his evening elsewhere than perusing "Smith and Stanley."

Moving forward again this hetrogeneous eonglomeration of laughter

fun and song, proeecded to explore the region beyond the eity lights.

Hours later a erecking sleigh, quiet and beneath a sultry moon, brought the tired pleasure-seekers to the conclusion of another enjoyable evening.



Dear Mr. Editor:-

"Where, oh where, have our recesses gone?" wails the shade of the Departed One through the halls of C.C.I., wringing his hands and elanking his chains as he moves. And we echo his lamentation in a more human cry, nevertheless just as feelingly. Those immortal recesses have gone from us—those recesses when we rushed across the street to buy hot-dogs and chocolate bars, by means of which our drooping spirits were renovated. Just when we felt overburdened with learning the delightful gong would go—ting-a-ling, and up we'd jump with joy. But now hour passes hour and we droop lower and lower in our seats and the detentions pile higher and higher. No more do happy damsels perch in the trees and under them for a brief five minutes. Instead they mourn in silence and hastily powder their fair noses under their desk corners.

On the other hand, look at the amount of knowledge we are getting and the great distance to which our brains are stretched—all in five

minutes more.

But in spite of all this, we ery "Alas!" and "Alaek!" and the shade of the Departed One still wanders listlessly through the desolate halls.

DOROTHY L. FORD.



A FAIRY TALE

Little DORA walked over the LEA one fine MAY morning, with a MELAN-COLLEY face.

"He has forsaken me—his HEART is IRONS!" she lamented, chewing a CHRISTIE biseuit between the sobs. Then she SAVAGE-ly pulled out her handkerehief, made of FLUMERFELT and seated herself under a DOUGLAS fir. A THORN prieked her and she sereamed. Mr. JONES eame running with his son, who was Dora's hero.

"PATT-ER-SON," said the old man, smiling. "I must not FOSTER her vanity," said the latter, "There is a hole in her stocking anyway."

"Never mind," replied Dora happily, "Mama MENZIES easily, and what do I eare, for my HART is as light as a cob-WEBB now."

MOONLIGHT NIGHTMARES

It was a summer evening— No, 'twas a summer's night, When all was wrapped in silence And enveloped in moonlight.

MacLaren by the window, Looked up and gave a start For you know what the moon does To any young man's heart.

"I think," he murmured blushing,
"I'll get my little flivver,
And then—(his blush grew deeper)
I'll call on bonny Slivver."

His car two minutes later Was humming up the street His heart was humming also To see her was a treat.

The gate! His heart was pounding So near to her the gate, He entered treading softly It seemed so long a wait.

He stopped. On the verandah With backs turned to the street He saw two heads bow closer He saw two soft lips meet.

His face turned pale and paler Could she do such a deed Could that be his Loretta Locked in the arms of Reid?

He heard them murmur softly
He turned back in the night
Blind to all about him
Though the moonlight was so bright.

He started, stirred, and sat up The moon was there alright But he had on pyjamas And it was past midnight.

"Confound nightmares," he muttered, "Good thing it is not true Doggone that boy," he added, "And plague the moonlight too."

Graduating 1926

GRADE XIIA

ROBERT HALL STANDISH—A Priddis cowboy taking High School course at C.C.I. so that he may become a teacher.

FRANK KENNEDY—Sometimes called "Bean Pole" Kennedy. Height, six fect two inches in his shoes. Birthplace, unknown. LEONARD GRAVES—Nicknamed "Galloping Gravy" of Senior Rugby

STANLEY COOPER—Called "Fat" in his Public School days. Famous for his French.

GUSTAFF SWORD—A budding mathematical genius hailing from somewhere in Sweden.

CLAYTON THOMPSON—"Scotty" quite a favorite with our geometry teacher.

IRWIN FREW—Well known in all athletics—renowned in hockey.

STUART MURDOCK—A country "liek" from Bassano District.

JOHN COLLINS—Quite a lady's man. He uses "Baby's Own Soap."

THOMAS MOORE—A real Irishman, born somewhere near Dublin. His ambition is to become a famous poet.

J. N. HUNTER—Resident of Calgary—a budding artist. Otherwise "Curly."

LESLIE ASHTON—He says he can play Basketball and Tennis but his chief ambition is to do nothing.

MERLE MACKAY—Known in XIIB as well as XIIA, especially by Mac-

Caffery. EVERETT BORGAL—Lives in XIIA. Noted for nothing but known throughout the School.

GENEVIEVE HARPER—Blond. Quite a live wire in her own way. Her former home was Champion, Ålberta.

LYDIA SIEBOLD—"She hasn't bobbed her hair yet!".

HELEN KING—Queen of the niee girls.

EVELYN JOHNSTON—Away every Friday afternoon.

DAISY MAMINI—"A dark skinned damsel of some foreign country."

KATHERINE KENNEDY—Sister and rival to the "Bean Pole."

WILNA GRAINGER—"Here today, away tomorrow."

MARION SMITH—Late today, also tomorrow.

HELEN SMITH—Late today, perhaps tomorrow.

MABEL HARRIS—Another niee girl.

PEARL MALENDY—She comes from some little country village—you know the rest.

DORIS FIELD—Famous for talking and otherwise amusing herself. Quite a favorite with Mr. Jones.

ALTA MONSON-Has no ambition-quite a favorite. She's an antiquated flapper.

PHILLIS VAN WART—A student that really studies.

GRADE XII-A



GRADE XII-B

THE ANALECTA 5.5

KATHERINE WATKINS—Called "Kay." She hails from "Champion" —fooled you this time, quite a "city lass."

RUTH BINGHAM—Of Basketball fame. Ambition to do nothing and get paid for it. She's going to be a missionary to China or some other place—perhaps the North Pole.

MADELINE PIETTE—Also renowned on the Basketball floor. Quite

lively—like a "Hot-shot" battery.

HELEN MATHEWS—Noted for nothing. Known by none—a student.

DELINA MARIVER—Famous for her debating powers (?). Nothing known of her history.

GOODWEN THOMPSON—A "country lass" hasn't changed much.

MR. HALL—A writer of "sad" poetry. Age, somewhere near 21. Red hair and an agreeable but backward personality. He is a recent addition to the school.

GRADE XIIB

RENO ANDERSON—Though she sits on the boys side of the room she is really bright.

MARY BRADLEY—Silence is deep as eternity; speech is shallow as time.

KATHLEEN BRAIN—A pupil who is always to the front.

DORIS BINGHAM—A girl of infinite resources, the proud driver of a Ford Sedan.

ALICE COLLICUT—She is the object of constant attention from Mc-Caffery. Chiefly noted for her ever-ready smile.

EMILY CRAGG—As fresh as a flower in May; as sunny as a summer's day.

DOROTHY HAWLEY—We gaze in wonder at what thou dost know; and wonder why you don't give Carlyle a show.

MARGARET JAMES—A penny for thy thoughts, maiden.

MARGARET KENNY—Little girls should be heard and not seen.

MARY EVANS—Mary is the classes' pride; in whom our faith doth well abide.

MARGARET MOODIE—The budding exponent of composition.

DELLA SCOTT—Della thou are a fair child; of disposition meek and mild.

DOROTHY DUDLEY-SMITH—A conqueror of hearts. Dorothy has many of our room and one of XIIA's at her feet.

KATE RAMSAY—Your life will never be dreary or bare, The skies will never be dull or gray, For the golden sunshine of your hair

Will drive all eares and troubles away.

RALPH ANDERSON—Valentino hasn't a chance with me.

TED CHESWELL—When work is to be found, Ted Chiswell is never around.

KEN McCALLUM—Ahem! What I have to say is not for maidens' ears.

AL MONROE—Never to be on time is his chief occupation.

BERNARD McCAFFERY—Della, do you love me? In fact I think you will break my heart.

FRED RUTHERFORD—Would make an ideal cop.

BRUCE RAMSAY—His soul is like a star that dwells apart.

JOHNNY PAYNE—I'm paddlin' Maddelin' home every night.

THE ANALECTA

ARTHUR McCLARY—A dark and dusky beauty who causes keen delight amongst the girls.

LARKIN O'CONNOR—A budding lawyer, who knows more than most of us have forgot.

HAROLD HERRON—Wee, winsome Harold. He is a shark at Algebra. Shy of girls.

BERTHA NEWTON—Petite, sunny but staid Bertha is a correct little maid.



During our eventful careers we have had the privilege (?) of meeting alleged humorists of every variety. Among them were the following:

The chap who is universally known as the "life of the party." He always does such intensely funny things as pulling your chair away when you are about to sit down.

The genial old gentleman who always tells a rotten story, then says, "Ha, ha, ha, pretty good, eh?"

The man who always tells the one about the Scotchman, the Englishman and the Irishman.

The fellow who bubbles over with jokes which he claims are original but who ceases to be funny after you start taking the same comic paper as he does.

The dumbell who gets half way through a story, then forgets the rest of it.



After reading the contributions sent to us by budding authors from all over the school, we begin to sympathize with the teacher who has to correct our compositions.

Fairy Tale: Once there was a boy in Central High School who never failed to do his home work every night.

We have noticed that it was only by order of the Queen that Shakespeare could be called a gentleman.

The eourse of true love never did run smooth—neither do flivvers.

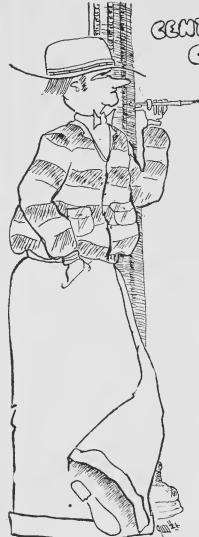
An "authority" is usually a person who tells you a lot of wrong things about something you aren't interested in.

The meanest person we ever met was the woman who used barbed wire for a elothes line so that the birds wouldn't wear it out sitting on it.

Mary loved her little lamb

Mostly, when she found it,
In the middle of her plate

With green peas all around it.



LATIONS SOMICS SOMICS

A Prelude

The sober editorials are done,

The sport and social news is cleared away,
But ere the stage is occupied by FUN,

There's something that we editors would say.



Our words on the next pages may be flippant, Especially those referring to the staff, But they are never meant to be malignant, Their purpose is to simply "raise a laugh."



So if you find some lines you think insulting,
Remember, that the folks who ARE worth while,
Are those, who, when they're made the butts of joking,
Can see the point, and with the others, SMILE.

--Т. М.

EVOLUTION

We used to believe in Adam and Eve, In the days when we were young, But man of this age says Darwin sage, From the hairy gorilla has sprung.

And he tells us again, that there wasn't a Cain.
That flies are descended from birds,
That rabbits and dogs were once swimmers like frogs,
And he says that these facts AREN'T absurd.

According to him, that is, Mr. Darwin,
A goat and a cow are the same.
Only cows have grown taller, and goats have grown smaller,
Thus proving there's naught in a name.

He further discerns, and from him we learn,
That apes are descended from germs,
From this we conclude, now don't think us rude,
All men are just overgrown worms.

---Т. М.

Clothes certainly give a man confidence; in fact we go to quite a number of places with them where we would never go without.

For real courage we have to hand it to the girls who are still wearing their hair unbobbed.

Human beings are funny animals. Some years ago when we first entered grade nine, the boys in the twelves looked at us with haughty expressions on their faces, then murmered to each other, "Ye gods, I wonder what the school's coming to, the kids in grade nine are getting smaller and dumber every year."

Now that we are in twelve we stare at the grade niners and say to ourselves, "Suffering cats, I guess Central's going to the dogs, the kids in grade nine are getting smaller and dumber every year."

Never judge children by their parents; Jack and Della Scott are awfully nice kids really.

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COLLEGIATE

Collegiate, Collegiate,
Yes, we're students here,
Learn some more each year,
Yes, sir!
Never working,
Always laughing, talking,
And our work is never
Done!
Homework is the thing we never do,
And we haven't any use for these
De-ten-tions!
Very, very seldom do we hurry,
Always easy going,
Central students! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Alpha Beta,
Delta Gamma Theta,
"Just what was your troublc
There?"
Study, study,
Is the thing we get
After our reports come
Out!
Alpha Delta, "Don't you know your work?"
That's the Greek for all the Trig that we
We don't know.
Hustling, scrambling, there we're getting ready,
For another period,
Central students! Rah! Rah! Rah!

—Les. Ashton.



At school her name was Maggie Dolan. When she got a job in a department store she preferred to be known as Margaret Dolone. She applied for a job as usher in a theatre and got it. Her name became Madge Delone. The manager gave her a trial as chorus girl in a big revue. She changed her last name to Deland. After a long time she became a star attraction in the show. On the bill-boards she is now Marje De Lande.

Rendezvous.—The place where you catch cold waiting for her.

AN ABBREVIATION

Pat Finnigan was a railroad inspector. His one fault lay in the length and detail of his reports. To correct this fault the superintendent wrote: "Finnigan, please cut down your reports."

A short time after, there was a wash out on the line, and part of the track was carried away in the flood. Complying with the superintendent's request he reported: "Where the railroad was, the river is."—Finnigan.

On another occasion a number of cars were derailed causing some delay. In his report Finnigan said: "Off again, on again, away again, Finnigan."—J. L. B.



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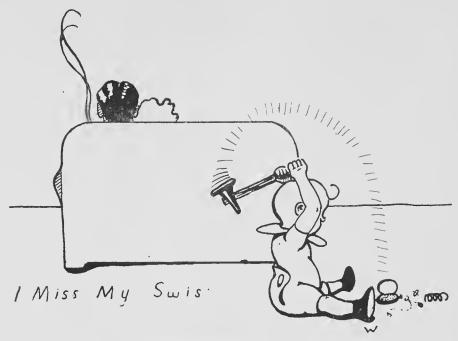
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The Home of Society Brand Clothes - Florsheim Shoes - Burberry Coats

107 8th Avenue East Maclean Block THE ANALECTA 61



HOW TO BECOME FAMOUS

Stage a bank hold-up at twelve o'clock noon. Try to assassinate Mayor Webster. Go over Niagara Falls in a barrel. Get killed while playing rugby. Invent an original excuse for not having your homework done. Kill half a dozen people, then commit suicide. Be cheer leader at a rugby game. Start a new religion.

Spell Assy's complete name correctly.

Be editor of this part of the "Analecta".

SQUEAKS FROM GRADES NINE AND TEN

Teacher: "What is Guerilla warfare?"

Stude: "Monkey tricks."

Algebra in IXA

Let A = Girl. B = Boy.

C = Chaperon.

D = Bliss.

Then A + B - C = D.

Some people have teeth like stars; they come out every night.

Found in a History Book

If this book should chance to roam, Let it be. Do not try to send it home, Nor back to me.

GRUNTS FROM THE GRADE ELEVEN PAPERS

An itching palm signifies that you are about to receive something; an itching head signifies that you HAVE received something.

French Grammar As Is

The object of a verb is to get the translators all balled up. If an adjective is well done it will agree with its noun.

"Miser" is a possessive noun.

A masculine and a feminine word shall not be used in the same sentence without a chaperon.

All foreign words have accents.

Whenever an active word attacks a passive one, they should be separated immediately.

If a sentence has three or more subjects it's darned funny.

A word that shows its syllables is immodest.

You can always tell how tense a verb is when it gets excited.

Words with weak endings seldom sit down.—D. K.

Heard in the Fit-Slick Clothing Store

Ah, yes, Mr. M——, this is the very latest in men's suits, up-to-date in every respect, yes, sir, and how would you like the pockets this time sir, pint or quart size?"

Most of the gang in Eleven C don't mind school at all, it's the principle

of the thing that gets their goat.

Things That Never Happen-

Mr. Churchill wearing conservative ties.

Everyone in Eleven A remaining awake for two periods in succession.

Everyone in XIB on time in the morning.

Everybody in Eleven C passing in History.

Mr. Scott: "Now this plant belongs to the Begonia family."

Stude: "I see, and they are letting you keep it while they are out of town."

In answer to a query from a student as to how to cure giggles, one of the teachers suggests "brains."

THE OFFICIAL C.C.I.

CLASS PINS AND RINGS ALWAYS IN STOCK

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NOTES ON ROOM PAPERS

We hand the Leaden Medal for the greatest number of room papers to Ten A; everyone who has a grain of self-respect owns his own news sheet in this room.

The "Nut" of Twelve A is the daddy of them all. It was born three years ago and is still going strong. We naturally say nice things about the "Nut" because we edit it ourselves and it was because of that fact that we were given this job.

Eleven A has a magazine called the "Horse Radish." Its staff is as follows:

Editor—Donald Kepler, Esq.
Sub-Editor—Mr. Donald Kepler.
Society Editor—Don Kepler.
Reporter—D. Kepler.
Sports Editor—Mr. Kepler.
Printer—Don Kepler, Esq.
Printer's Devil—Yea, he's that too.

Down in Eleven C they have a paper which comes out one week, trics to come out the next, goes to sleep for about a month and finally wakes up again under a new name.

It's lucky that teachers rarely see these publications, if they did, certain budding editors would spend the rest of their school days writing lines. This applies especially to the Grade Ten sheets.

We can't understand why some people persist in calling the north-west corner of the school grounds the "Tennis Courts."

Mr. Dunlop is not related in any way to the Dunlop Tire Co., even though he does tire you in class.

The advantage of being the editors of this department is that we can insult everybody in the school, and eliminate all slams against ourselves.

When a teacher cracks a joke in class, the experienced student laughs, no matter how often he has heard it before.

Teacher: "What made the Tower of Pisa lean?" Fat Stude: "I don't know, but if I did I'd try some."

Science Teacher, in IXE: "This class contains some of the lowest forms of plant life."

When Grandma was a girl she had
An accident quite shocking,
She went into hysterics 'cause
My Grandpa saw her stocking.

Some girls' complexions change according to whose compact they borrowed at the time.

Beauty used to be skin deep. Now it doesn't get that far.

THE ANALECTA

GOING THROUGH XIB

Barbara W.: "A maiden modest and yet self-possessed."

Margaret M.: "A more earnest soul cannot be found."

Onnolee: "A still small voice."

Beth L.: Silence is golden."

fj4

Barbara M.: "It is no tyme for to studien here."

Beth S.: "Her very frowns are fairer far

Than smiles of other maidens are."

Madeline: "How hard it is for women to keep counsel."

Kathleen: "I chatter, chatter, as I go."

Jean R.: "And gladly would (s) he lerne and gladly teche."

Vivian P.: "Fair maid you have a kindly heart." "Betty": I am weary, yes, my memory is tired." Lorraine: "Let it be virtuous to be obstinate." Muriel: "Alas, you know not, I must tell you."

Laura: "Still last to come when thou are wanted most."

Vera: "I shall lack voice."

Helen Mackenzie: "Peace, peace be not so loud." Marj.: "Aye, and she makes men hate one another."

Helen J.: "There's some among you who have beheld me fighting." Lavina: "I shall be glad to learn of noble men."

Helen Mercer: "She was a vixen when she went to school and tho she be but little she is fierce."

Jean C.: "Mischief, thou are afoot." Take what course thou wilt."

Jean W.: "A smile o' her wad banish care, sae charming is my Jean." Evelyn: "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

Alice: "My legs can keep no pace with my desires."

Isabel C.: "O ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all this?" Isabel B.: "No, I will be the pattern of all patience, I will say nothing."

Molly: "But here I am to speak what I do know."

Vivian S.: "Whate'er she did was done with so much ease

To her alone 'twas natural to please.

"I have made strong proof of my constancy." Herring:

Hillocks: "For he is given to wildness and much company."
Neilson: "It is a part that I shall blush in acting."
Fudger: "He is simply the rarest man in the world."

Begg: "Lend me your ears."

"Methinks there is much reason in his sayings."

Rogers: "Methinks there is much read for." Keith: "I may do that I shall be sorry for." "The fifths of him a genius." Taylor B.: "Three-fifths of him a genius."

Thompson: "I shall inform them."
Taylor J.: "Methinks thou speakest well."

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil Shuldt: O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

"He all the country could outrun

Could leave both man and horse behind." Vanderlinder: "I cannot truly say how I came here."

We know many boys who would like to be real collegiate only they catch cold when they let their socks drape over their shoes.

You folks are paying good money to read this magazine, so you ought to know a few things about the people who wrote it. The rest of the gang aren't looking, so here goes:

The exalted individual who ealls himself "Editor in Chief" is Ralph Rogers of Eleven B. You have all seen that grin he wears all the time—well, that grin just reflects his inner self.

The budding Northeliffe mentioned above has two Sub-Editors, one is Rube Gardner of Eleven C, the other L. Ritchie of Eleven A. The first-named is everything that his first name suggests, the second is one of the few girls in C.C.I. who doesn't have to bob her hair to draw the sheiks.

Ever since George Waterman became Business Manager he's been suffering from an acute attack of swelled head. He thinks he's some business man, just because he once made thirty cents by selling some shares in the Beaver Oil Company.

Another ornament on the staff is Don Kepler. He ealls himself "Assistant Business and Advertising Manager." He's so mean that he stops his watch every night when he goes to bed so that he won't be wasting time.

The Girl's Sports Editor is Alice Allen. She is the dumbest person on the staff, why honestly, she calls the thing Mr. Dunlop drives to school, a car.

The tough looking guy who signs himself "Sports Editor" is Galloping Gravy of rugby fame. He's nearly as dumb as Alice. He ealls himself a musician because he can play the family gramaphone.

Our special reporter is Al. Monroe of Twelve B. He's some sheik, he admits it himself. His complete front name is "Allison" and as long as you don't tease him he's harmless.

The "Literary Contributions Editor" is Zella Oliver. She has one of those faces which were never made for smiles, but in other respects is normal.

The Society Editor's name is Rena Anderson, and that's all we know about her. Maybe she's not worth writing about anyway.

Jimmy Hunter and Tom Moore (that's us) are the only members of the staff who do anything. They live in Twelve A, where they are recognized as the only ones who ever know anything. They both represent the apex of manly beauty, and are famous for their intellectual achievements. Comparing them with the rest of the staff is like comparing Julius Caesar with a trained mouse. They are unexcelled in the art of————Sorry, we have to quit, the rest of the staff is coming into the room and we don't want to die yet.

We have just received a contribution which makes some flattering remarks about Mr. Robertson. We aren't going to publish it, not because we don't think Mr. Robertson deserves them, but if you say too many nice things about a teacher that teacher will get a swelled head, or perhaps suffer from shock.

5-65-035-5

Hail! to the Flying Scotsman,
Teaches Latin as 'twas built,
He sure looks cheap in trousers,
But wouldn't he look nice in kilts?

The only thing some people come to High School for is three years.

When we were in grade ten we heard a few lines of verse which ran like this:—

The fellow who referred to Mr. Woodman as "Warden of padded cell number four" was quite a humorist in his own way.

We hope that all the teachers have taken verse number three of the prelude to heart.

Some people have funny ideas of humor; a kid in grade nine asks us, "Why did the chicken cross the road?"

Fairy Tale.—Once upon a time a man got the better of Miss Elliot in an argument.

A rolling stone gathers no moss.—Well, what about it? Nobody that we know wants to be green.

Ever hear the one about the two Irishmen? No, you haven't? Gee but you're dumb.

There are various ways of cleaning ivory; we like Cocoanut Oil Shampoo the best.

Scotty Thompson of XIIA wants to know why we aren't writing a special article on "Dumbells." Honest, we don't like these people who want a lot of publicity for nothing.

One of our ambitions is to meet the fellow who wrote our school yells, he sure had a wild imagination.

Here's an old story with new frills. A friend of ours who used to go to South Calgary High School, died and passed over the Great Divide to another land. When he arrived he met another ex-southerner who asked him how he liked the place.

"Fine," said our friend, "Heaven is much better than South Calgary High."

"Hush," whispered the other, "this isn't Heaven."

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It isn't necessary to look dumb to be dumb—Scotty looks quite intelligent.

ANOTHER FAIRY TALE.—Once upon a time Miss Kaulbach did NOT act as if she were going to faint, when the bell rang five minutes before she expected it to.

The man who draws the pictures on the seed packets must have a wonderful imagination.

We have been asked to give some practical uses for text-books. Ninety per cent. of the students in this school will say they are not useful for anything, but the following list will erase this idea.

For small boys, a history book in the pants will often prevent a great deal of pain.

For pressing neckties a very heavy book, such as a Grade Twelve History of Literature, serves admirably.

If broke, a couple of text-books in good condition will realize the price of two tickets to the Capitol, if the right pawn shop is selected.

There are verious ways of cleaning ivory; we like Cocoanut Oil

Some people have funny ideas of humor; a kind in grade nine asks Margaret M.: "A more earnest soul cannot be found."

One Algebra and a pencil will keep your baby sister quiet for quite a time, after which the paper that was once a book may be used for lighting the furnace.

A girl, when entertaining HIM, and the lights arc turned down low, will find that a Geometry, accurately thrown, will get rid of the kid brother who persists in peeking into the room.

Text-books form excellent substitutes for boots at a wedding.

The cover of a suitable book, a Trig for instance, may be used to disguise the "Analecta" by those who wish to peruse said magazine in class.

Once upon a time a Scotchman died from laughing. It was later discovered that six months before his death he had read the joke about the Englishman, the Scotchman and the Irishman.

In case you haven't heard of the joke mentioned above we refer you to any joke book published in the last century.

A scientist says that character can be told from the knees. If this is true, most of the Central High School girls show a great deal of character.

No Scotty, poets' licenses aren't issued by the Calgary Police Department.

He: "I was in a dilemna last night."

She: "That's nothing, I'm going to be in a Stutz all afternoon.

The man who has one thousand shares of Beaver, and expects to sell them all, is our idea of an optimist.

A certain teacher in the school says that it is impossible to produce results by sitting still. What about the hen?

At some point in their lives most people want to become detectives. If you are one of these people, the following instructions will fit you for a position as detective on any American detective agency, or in the movies.

- 1. Always smoke a cigar, preferably a borrowed one.
- 2. Wear a bowler hat that is a little bit too small.
- 3. Cultivate a know-everything manner.
- 4. Learn to hook your thumbs into your vest in a manner that will make you look important.
- 5. Grow a moustache of the type commonly known as a misplaced eyebrow.
 - 6. Never wipe your feet nor take your hat off when entering a house.
 - 7. Buy yourself a tin shield with "Detective" written on it.

If these directions are carefully followed you should have no difficulty in landing a detectiveship.

BELLS

Some folks like the wedding bells, Some like the bells on the trains, Some like the fire-bell's clanging ring Or the cow bells' pastoral strains.

Some like the wild, free, joyous bells, That ring the New Year in, Some like the sleigh-bells' jingling tones, And the phone-bells' insistent din.

Some like the distant, rasping ring, Of the bell-buoy off the shore, But sweeter than all these bells, to me, Is the bell that rings at Four.

—T. M.

UNSUPPOSABLE—XIB

Keith: "Yes, sir, I have my note here." Miss Waines on time. Miss Begg with bobbed hair. Miss Moore: "Yes, Harris, that's the way I like to hear it." Vanderlinder doing his own Grammar. Herring at school every day for a week. Taylor brothers stand last. Shuldt out with a girl. Fudger looking intelligent. Miss Pratt a yell leader. Miss Waddell outfitted with a Maxim Silencer. Miss Ritchie for oil stocks. Miss Allen watching a game of basketball. Miss Wallinger with the measles. Rogers passed the May Exams. Miss James with a straight face for ten minutes. Hillocks away without Herring.

OIL NOTES

Every normal person is interested in oil nowadays so a few remarks on this subject will not come amiss.

It is not generally known that Mr. Woodman has had a long acquantance with oil. He was first introduced to it when he was a kid of five. He had the tummy-ache, and the oil came on a spoon.

There is a rumor going the rounds of the school that Mr. Scott is secretly analysing the dirt in the school grounds in the hope of finding traces of oil. If this is true, we wish Mr. Scott barrels of luck.

Mr. Jones is very interested in oil, mostly hair oil.

The Doctor is said to be digging for oil in his back yard, in the place where he grew his onions last year.

Mr. Menzies is a cautious investor in oil shares. He is said to own half an interet in a share of Beaver.

For the benefit of dumbells we might say that the oil referred to above comes from wells, and is not of the same variety as olive or cocoaunt oil.

Advertisements in a country paper:—

Wanted, a horse to do the work of a minister.

Inventor of new automobile wishes to meet financier to push same.

Our pies cannot be approached.

Fairy Tale.—Once there was a girl who, when the boy friend took her to the show, said before they went in, "Oh Jack, let's sit in the balcony, I can't bear being too close to the stage."

The greatest insult to a man whose Ford has stalled is to give him a street car ticket.

The last man to tell us the one about the Englishman, etc., was buried last Thursday afternoon. We were acquitted.

We would like to remind one of our contributors, a would-be poet, that "quay" does not rhyme with "day".

Recently, while reading a magazine, we found that ukeleles are musical instruments.

CORRECT

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CLOTHES

FROM

717 2nd STREET WEST CALGARY, ALTA **FLORENCE**

IF DREAMS CAME TRUE

Extraets from History of Literature Book, of year 2049:

"In the earlier part of the last eentury, there appeared a publication known as the "Analecta." This has since been recognized as one of the masterpieces of English literature, chiefly because of a section devoted to 'Wit and Humor.' As an obscure poet of the middle ages, named Shakespeare, once said: "The works of man live long after he has turned to elay," or words to that effect. This statement aptly applies to the editors of this piece of literature, for the two boys who were instrumental in producing it, and who afterwards became known as Sir Thomas Moore and Baron Hunter of Calgary, have long since returned to the dust from which they were made."

We have not yet decided whether the fellow who didn't do his homework one night, because he heard that the world was going to end at twelve o'eloek, was an optimist or a pessimist.

It may seem strange, but we are going to admit that, in their official capacity, editors are the biggest liars in creation. To illustrate this statement, note the following incident. It is nearly twenty to two and we are trying to do some homework we forgot the night before. A girl comes in with a poem, gives it to us, says it's for the "Analeeta," then vanishes. We read it twice, and can't find what it's about, so we relieve our feelings as follows: "What the Sam Hill do some kids take us for anyway? This stuff ought to be burned, it's horrible, and that dame expects us to publish it! Ye gods, you'd think it was written by a ten-year-old kid." We also cuss fluently, but we're not allowed to print cuss words.

After four o'clock we have to take the elucidation back, so we hunt up the poetess and murmer in honeyed accents, "You wrote this didn't you? Well I'm awfully sorry but we can't use it in the paper. You see, it's not quite what we want; it's swell stuff alright but it's a bit too serious for our department. A nice little girl like you should be able to write real good articles, so won't you try again and write about something real funny, instead of this serious material? I'm sure you could do it." Then we smile sweetly and depart, starting to swear feelingly as soon as we turn the corner and she can't see us. Yes, sir, editors sure do have to do a lot of lying.

We have not said anything about Capt. Alexander Hamilton Ferguson as yet. We could say a few wise things about that terrifying front name of his, but we won't, it isn't his fault that he has it.

There isn't a boy in the sehool who doesn't know enough about arithmetic not to be able to work out the percentage of money he will make when his oil shares start rising.

When you tell the average person a joke he will say, "Ah that reminds me of the one about the. . . ." and you have to listen, and it serves you right.

If we printed all the contributions we have received we could fill half a dozen Analectas, but you wouldn't laugh very often.

Just because the man walks on the inside he is not necessarily a dumbell or a hiek, maybe he's her husband.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND

PREFACE

This series of articles is not intended to supplant the teachings of that well-known lady, who, through no fault of ours, bears the same surname as ourselves. On the contrary, it is for the purpose of giving some sidelights on a few of the incidents of history which she has already driven into your craniums. This work is divided into sections, so that weak students may rest between them and recover their equilibrium.

CHAPTER ONE

One bright sunny morning, Riehard the Lion Killer was pinehed for speeding on the Paris-Constantinople highway. His new roadster was consfiseated and he himself was put in gaol, but which goal it was, no one knew. Blondel, his head saxaphone player made up his mind that he would find Diek at all eosts. He started to make a tour of the eontinent, stopping at each gaol just long enough to play "Yes Sir, That's My Baby." As he finished exercising his lungs outside the fifty-ninth prison, he heard Diek's dulcet tones singing, "No sir, don't mean maybe." Having found Riehard, Blondel got a job at a Parisian hotel as orehestra leader, and earned enough money to bail Dieky out. On arriving home they received a great ovation, and in Blondel's honor, everyone began to play the Sax. Soon, however, Diek's ears began to get sore, so he ordered all Saxaphones to be destroyed. They were, all except one, and they found that a few years ago and made more like it. Now we have sore ears.

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SPASM TWO

GASP THREE

Around the year sixteen hundred and four, one of King James' unruly subjects, conceived the idea of getting rid of the parliament by the explosive rout. Accordingly he hired a professional anarchist from the continent. This gentleman, Guido Fawkes by name, soon had a quantity of T.N.T., nitro-glycerine and other such harmless materials, carefully packed beneath the Parliament House. All was ready for the great bang, when Fawkes and his friends found that the session was postponed for a month. During the wait that followed, one of the conspriators got cold feet and spilled the beans to a friend of his. On the night when Parliament was to meet, this friend and some others strolled into the cellars of the house and found Guy sampling the government's liquid refreshment. They arrested him promptly, and then discovered the T.N.T., etc. Guido confessed and the other would-be Bolsheviks were caught. Later, at a public reception, they all became excited and lost their heads. This occurred on the fifth of November, almost three hundred and twenty-five years before Clause "D" won with a great majority.

SECTION FOUR

Not so very long ago, there lived in England a band of Holy Rollers called "Puritans." In order to get away from danee halls, theatres, roadhouses, chinese laundries, etc., they decided to come to the U.S.A. They bought a ship called the "May-Fly" or "April Flower" and set sail. This ship, according to the number of people whose ancestors came over in it, must have been a trifle larger than the "Majestic." The ship hit America at Plymouth Rock. Having passed the immigration department, they divided, some going to Chicago to work in the stock yards, others joining the Covered Wagon expedition to California, where they became movie stars. Nowadays one of the most profitable occupations in the U.S. is the growing of family trees, pruning them, and selling them to steel magnates and sausage kings, who would like to have an ancestor who came across the pond in the "Mayflower".

SQUEAK FIVE

The only thing that resulted from the period between the last chapter and the next one was about three dozen or so pages in history books. We are not going to say anything about it, but we are going to pray that all historians who follow in our footprints will do the same.

JERK SIX

In 1688, the people of England decided to hold a revolution. As a preliminary step, they kicked King Jimmy off the throne and out of the country. At this time William, a European duke, slipped on an orange peel and skidded across the channel into England, where they made him King, calling him "William of Orange." To make himself popular, Billy raised an army and went over to Ireland, where he had a scrap with the natives. After the battle he founded the first Orange Lodge. This still exists, at least it did until seven years ago when I resigned my membership. Perhaps owing to this great loss it has disbanded. I quit because they didn't give away any oranges at the meetings, not even Orange Crush.

LAST LAP

The next thing of note is the Industrial Revolution. This was a revolution in every sense of the word, not a South American movie stunt, but a real honest-to-gosh revolution in which everything revolved. Arkwright made a spinning Jenny, in which a number of wheels revolved, Cartwright made a loom with revolving wheels, and Watt, what, you don't know Watt! He was the man who put the steam in the steam engine. Stephenson saw Watt's engine and made the first Ford out of it by putting it on wheels. This was a classy car with self-starter n'everything. Then another gent made a steamboat with paddle wheels which revolved so fast that the people revolted against it and made him take it off the water. These were truly revolutionary times.

FINIS

We know an awful lot of girls in Central High who are like a Stutz roadster without the engine—stream-lined body, swell coat of paint, but nothing under the hod.

It's a safe bet that those people in America who wrote jokes about the Prince of Wales never rode a horse very much.

They say that a Scotchman is one who keeps the change from a ninety-nine cent taxi. This is untrue, we have never seen a Scotchman who would waste ninety-nine cents in this manner.

We are beginning to regard the Doctor with suspicion. It IS rather peculiar that he should deliver his orations to us during the only spare time we have in the week, and never during a Trigonometry period.

STUDENTS

You appreciate an artistic Photograph.

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MISS FAWDRY

Photographer

Studio: 127a 8th AVENUE WEST

We were going to tell the one that ends up with "there ain't no sech animal," but it appears that this is the Doctor's pet story and it seems a shame to spoil it.

We spent part of our holidays in Toronto last August, and while we were there Ruth Bingham's daddy was preaching at one of the churches, and we know for a fact that more than one Torontonian expected the Reverend gentleman to walk into the pulpit wearing a Stetson hat and a pair of chapps, pull out a pair of six-shooters and lay them beside the Bible, then start the sermon something like this: "Ladies and gentlemen, we will open the meeting pronto, by singing hymn number seventy-one, and any hombre that doesn't sing will maybe get a tastc of lead. All right, let 'er buck."

The Scotchman had made a bet that he could tell the name of any drink by the taste alone, and the great test was being made. The star performer was blindfolded and led to a table on which was placed a great array of drinks. One after one he sampled them, naming each correctly. Champagne, claret, sherry, port and burgundy were named at once. Irish, Canadian and Scotch whiskeys were promptly named, even the brewery at which they were made was named. Many others were designated correctly. The bettor was about to be proclaimed the winner when he was handed a glass of water. He sipped it, then sipped it again, then murmered, "Ah weel, I mind tasting this when I was a wee laddie, but I dinna richtly ken the name of it."

"ENIGMA"

It's funny that all over this earth of ours, Men want to be something they ain't, The blacksmith would be a great writer of song, Or an artistic slinger of paint.

The poet who writes odes on beauty and love, A wild, woolly cowboy would be, While the 'puncher who's rounding up dogies and steers, Would like to sail out on the sea.

But the funniest one of these puzzling facts, And it's true in nine cases in ten, Is, the bachelor says that he craves for a wife, While the benedict wants to be single again.

—Т. М.

At the beginning of the term one of the most popular pastimes among the Grade Twelve boys is taking Grade Nines upstairs to look at the biology specimens, at noon hour. After calling attention to the similarity between the pickled snakes and macaroni, and the resemblance of a guinea-pig's insides to boiled fish, the victim is allowed to depart for lunch. On arriving home the Grade Niner's parents usually remark on his lack of appetite.

Prof.: "Why don't you speak louder?"

Stude: "Well, a soft answer turneth away wrath."

THE SOCIETY EDITOR PINCH HITS FOR THE SPORTS EDITOR AT A SENIOR BASKETBALL GAME.

The Central High team came on the field wearing the cutest little purple bouses, the other girls wearing the daintiest of white middies. The game commenced and it was too wonderful for words. The girls reminded one of angels, floating through the air after a large ball. When the entertainment was half over some rude boys on the other side of the room began making noises which were perfectly horrible, but still, one must expect such things like that at an event where the general public is admitted. The seeond part of the game was even more delightful than the first, if that were possible. When at last the C.C.I. girls had won, one felt that one had enjoyed a most wonderful afternoon, notwithstanding the rowdy character of the male section of the audience.

THE SPORTS EDITOR REPORTS A WEDDING

On Friday afternoon, teams representing the Jones and Smith families met at the Methodist Church. The Reverend Mr. Blah acted as umpire. Miss Jones took the field first, followed by Mr. Smith and his hefty henchman. Smith made a flying tackle and got Jones around the neck. The umpire separated them and began to read the rules to both parties. After this formality, Smith made a determined dive into his pocket and produced a ring which he firmly fastened to Miss Jones' finger. At this stage of the game Smith and Jones made a dash down centre ice and reached the doorway in time to receive a volley of rice. A well-timed shot with a boot caught Smith unawares and he staggered for a second but soon recovered. The Jones' were declared the winners, and the former Miss Jones led the half-dazed Smith to a waiting car. On the whole the game was a knockout, although Smith was clearly at a disadvantage.

At the beginning of the year Miss Kaulbach said that no matter where you go, you will find queer people. We looked at her and decided that

she was right.

When the girls in Grade Twelve were about eight years old they used to wonder when they would be old enough to wear long skirts like the big ladies. At present the eight year old girls are wondering when they will be old enough to wear really short skirts like the girls in Grade Twelve.

Banks are peculiar. They refuse credit to one man because they don't know him and they won't give credit to another because they know

him too well.

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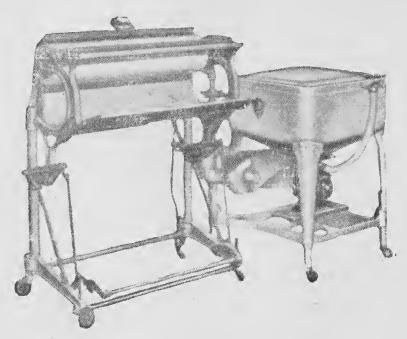
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FOOLED YAH

Lovely were her eyes,
Blue as cloudless skies,
On a summer's day,
And her lips of coral,
Like moist rosebuds, floral,
In the month of May.

From her eyes were gleaming, The lovelight, gently beaming. Then from her soft lips, slowly, The words came to one, lowly, And her eyes did me caress, As she whispered, softly, "Yes—"Pass your plate."

—AL. MONROE, XIIB.

Correct this sentence: In the year 1926, every student in Grade Twelve passed the Easter Exams., the lowest mark being ninety-one.

Some kids get our goat, they have such big opinions of themselves. The other day we asked a boy in Grade Eleven what it was that made Central High School so famous. He answered "Me". That's what we call boasting, and lying too, for all the time he knew it was us.

We have yet to meet the teacher who will say, "Yes, if you keep on working this way you will be sure to pass in June."

Fairy Tale.—Once upon a time a boy took a High School girl to a show, afterwards going to a cafe, and the girl only ordered cake and tea.

The "Analecta's motto "Lux Sit" has nothing to do with soap, as some dumbells seem to think.

Last year, as we were gazing at the statue of a long departed Canadian Premier, outside the parliament buildings at Ottawa, a man stepped up to us and said, "Pardon, M'sieu, qu-ms-luv-mbs-ai-je-qu-om-ne-tus-lub-eht-ay?"

We decided he was French, so we said in our best Central High

accent, "Repetez-vous le question, s'il vous plait?"

The man looked at us in a perplexed manner, so, thinking he had not caught the question, we repeated it. Then his face brightened, and he said, "Oh, I'm sorry, I thought you were French, what was it you were trying to say?"

Now, what's the use of learning French when the French people

themselves don't understand it?

The shades were drawn, both doors were tightly closed. From the single lamp on the piano, feeble rays of light dimly showed two forms, little more than shadows, on the couch. One of the figures moved slightly, and, looking into the soft brown eyes of the other, murmured, "Darling, I love you, and I———" he broke off nervously.

"Yes, dear," she said softly, "what is it?"

"I-er-that is, dearest, I want-". Again he paused uncertainly.

"Go on, darling," she said cncouragingly.

"Adored one," he whispered, then hesitated a moment before continuing, "we have known each other for seven months now and there's something I must tell you." He stopped speaking, shifted uneasily, then began again. "Beloved, I want to—ah—um—." Again his words ended in confusion.

With endearing phrases she encouraged him to go on.

"Dearest, I can't deceive you any longer, you must know—." Once more he stopped embarrassed.

"Yes, dear, tell me, what is it?" "You---." His voice broke.

"Please go on, my love." She spoke soothingly, at last it was coming, how long she had waited for this happy day.
"You won't think I'm rude, will you dear," he said nervously, gather-

ing his courage for the final plunge.

"No, please go on."

"Darling, you—you—you have halitosis."

Golf seems to consist of placing a ball on a pile of dirt, taking an awful swing at it with a club, then swearing at the d—— thing because it's still there.

Last summer a local undertaker offered us a position in his establishment. The pay was small, but the gentleman assured us that if, while we were in his employ, we should need his services, he would charge our relatives wholesale prices only. We declined the offer.

A band of American sportsmen are trying to stop the traffic on the English Channel. They say it spoils the track for cross-channel swimmers.

Fair Damsel (at school sports): "Let's sit in those bleachers over there. We can see everything from there."

Ditto: "Yes, but ean everyone see us?"

TWENTIETH CENTURY SHAKESPEARE

KING LEAR. Act One. Scene?

Lear: "Ye gods and little fishes, I am tired of this king business. I have no time for golf or snooker any more. Also, I am getting erazy with age, so gather around me my daughters and tell your old pop how much you love him and I will chuck my estate amongst you. To the one who strings the best line I will give the most rubles.'

Goneril: "Dad, old scout, you're the berries all right. Without you

even the strongest coektails lose their kick." Cordelia (aside): "So's your old man."

Goneril: "Yeh, the love of you, pater, has kept me from going wrong, I no longer Charleston or roll my own."

Lear: "Well said, to you I give the family Ford and baby earriage.

Now, Regan, strut your stuff."

Regan: "Dad, let me tell you, you're the goods. I love you better than any cake-eater who ever did the Charleston. Even your breath of bologna mit onions is incense to me.'

Cordelia (aside): "More bull."

Lear: "Better yet. I goota hand it to you kid. To you I give the royal spoons and forks so you and the dook won't have to cat with your knives any more. Now, Cordelia, what about you?"

Cordelia: "Pop, I cannot tell a lie, but your best friend won't tell you. I know my line ain't as good as some, but if you had another face

you might be handsome."

Lear: "Zounds, must I stand for this?" Cordelia: "No, sit down."

Lear: "So young and yet so flapperish. Get out of my sight before I crown you with a brick."

Exit Cordelia, in a hurry.

It is said that Luther Burbank once tried to cross an egg plant with milk weed so as to have a custard plant for pies.

We once met a kid who tried for days to find a key to fit a lock of his hair.

Many men of large calibre are big bores.

We aren't superstitious, but if on Friday the thirteenth a man fell out of a thirteenth story window we would say that that man was going to have some bad luck when he hit the sidewalk.

Please don't think we are insane if, in ordinary conversation we refer to ourselves as "we" and "us." We have become so used to it on these pages that it threatens to become a habit.

By the way, we're willing to bet that nearly everyone in this school doesn't know what "Analecta" means. Do you? Well, we don't either. Some wise guy once said, "Why sigh when you can sing?" That's

Some wise guy once said, "Why sigh when you can sing?" That's good advice for when you are alone, but when you aren't, why torture other people?

Last winter we met a girl who was so dumb she thought a hockey

fan was used to cool the ice.

The little red schoolhouse is a back number; it's the little red lip stick that counts in these days.

Eleven A still has four girls with long hair. We think this is a

record.

The first prize for optimism goes to the Grade Eleven kid who is buying his Grade Twelve books already.

The art (?) of writing popular songs is simple; all you have to do is write a poem that has no metre, then give it a tune which makes it sound as if it had.

Why don't teachers go on strike like the other variety of worker.

Clothes make the man—like her.

If he looks at her instead of the taximeter it's a case of true love.

Ukeleles are swell for accompanying comic songs; they cover up a good many of the words.

The only thing some people like about the sea is the shore.

Quoth Al. Monroc: "The other day a man went into a drug store and ordered a Banana Split, a couple of Lemon Sodas, and three big dishes of Ice Cream. Now how did everybody know he was a sailor?"

Quote we, after deep thought: "Don't know, give it up." Said He: "Because he wore a sailor suit, ya dumbell."

MY CHOICE

Poets round the whole wide world all sing About love, both in Autumn and in Spring. Lunatics in big bow ties Keep on lauding to the skies The happiness (?) that only love can bring.

I guess you've often heard it said before, In choosing girls, boys differ less or more, Some like brains beneath the hair, I prefer heads filled with air, So it's pretty Central High girls I adore.

-T. M.

Many love-sick people become heavy of heart but make up for it by a lightness of the head.

Many people share the misfortunes of their neighbors by grinning while they bear it.

They call it the "Silent Drama," but if you ever sit behind some people who are eating peanuts you will decide that it has been misnamed.

Him: "Gee, that girl smiled at me."

He: "Huh, she must have a poor sense of humor, when I first saw you I laughed out loud."

Extract from a letter received by us: Your section of the "Analecta" is an outrageous, ridiculous, conglomeration of nonsense. Apparently our correspondent is hinting that he does not like us.

Him: "But my angel---."

His Wife: "Just a minute, is that a hope or a compliment?"

An amateur conjurer asks us whether or not we can tell him the simplest way of vanishing a handkerchief. Strange to say, we can. First of all the performer borrows the required article, then, unobserved by the audience, he makes a small hole in the corner of it; the handkerchief is then shoved into this hole and the trick is finished. What could be simpler?

When a man sees a sign saying "Wet Paint" he has to make a personal investigation before he will believe it, but tell him that if all the sheets of foolscap used in Central High during the Easter Exams, were laid end to end, they would reach from here to Edmonton, and he will accept the statement as a fact not to be disputed.

Here's one we heard from Winston Cooper.—An old lady, on her way to Cape Town, asked a sailor to tell her when they reached the Equator. He thought to have a joke at her expense, so a few days later he called her and, giving her a telescope, he pointed to the ocean in general and said: "There's the Equator, Ma'am." Then he pulled a hair from his head and held it in front of the glass.

"Oh, I see it," murmured the old lady, "and there's an elephant walking across it too."

We have had so many students ask us what positions a High School training will fit them for that we are giving a list herewith:

Deck-hand on a submarine.

Rum runner.

Oil broker in Timbuctoo.

Skating, instructor in Arabia.

Rum runner.

Oceanographer to a Trans-Sahara Expedition.

Rum runner.

Admiral-in-chief of the Montana branch of the U.S. navy.

Calgary representative of a motor boat manufacturer.

Bum runner.

Demonstrator of left-hand monkey wrenches.

Track inspector for a steamship company.

Rum runner.

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Lord Byron, or someone else, woke up to find himself famous. We have often been famous, and then woke up.

Conversation, with some people, consists of listening to themselves in the presence of others.

Another optimist is the eighty-six year old man who, when buying a watch, demanded a twenty-year guarantee.

There are many explanations as to why a bag-pipe player always walks while playing. Ours is that he is trying to overtake his audience.

In the States, a maxim at parties is "Think before you drink" You can't afterwards.

Movie stars use glycerine for tears. Sometimes we wish they would use nitro-glycerine.

It isn't the marks we got on exams, that we mind; it's those we don't get.

IXA doesn't believe that "seeing is believing." They see the Doctor every week.

It: "I wish I could revise the alphabet."

Her: "Why what would you do?"

It: "I'd put you and I closer together."

Because she is up-to-date you can't expect a girl to be on time.



In the preceding pages we have done our best to make you laugh, at the same time we have tried to be original; if, however, you find something that is old, please accept our apology which is as follows:

Most jokes were old and aged,
When the Caesars ruled at Rome,
When the Greeks were learning culture,
And King Tut ealled Egypt "Home."

Yet when Cetral falls in ruins,
When we're laid out stiff and cold,
You can bet your last half dollar
That those jokes will still be told.

-T. M.

L'ENVOI

Teams and meets, socials, entertainments and dances, clubs and papers, all of this and much more is to be found within the covers of the "Analeeta." We have read of school spirits, of glowing purple and gold streamers, of the actual reformation which has swept through the School in the past year. Should I bore you stiff with the preaching, which some believe is essential for the upkeep of such activities? Shall I mount upon a form and gloriously proclaim the honor it is for all to belong to such an Institute and immediately turn and call you slackers, because you failed to turn up for rugby trials or track events? No! It is not necessary. Down deep within you lies that seed instilled into your very thoughts and actions until when the realization of your shortening days of scholastic life becomes apparent you bestir yourself, knowing that your support is needed, and you give it. Such rotations are natural to everyone and I believe that I might truly say that there is no one but to whom the call of school activities is felt and the longing to serve it is in true sequence with the course of events.

Perhaps some who read passages within this issue will feel inclined to condemn the all-powerful tendency towards something bigger and better than has hitherto been accomplished in the Sehool. Perhaps I, as editor, should have suppressed such tendencies but I didn't, in faet I encouraged it. Why? Elsewhere I have spoken of organization on firm and solid principles and now I encourage this radical streak for something bigger and better. Would it be possible to accomplish that something this year? No. Next year? Perhaps. Then why, I say, confine ourselves to the present. The Junior Grades will yield leaders for our places. Should they eome to fill them as we have done, grasping at each straw in their effort to guide themselves through the long school We who have been in this predicament realize the necessity of holding out before these Junior Grades the vision of the opportunities which still lay before the school. So why not, while we are here, start the ball rolling, propose propositions, impossible though they are for the present, still fragments of our ideas will stick, and perhaps in the future some turn of fortune will bring further laurels to our old school.

So far I have spoken of school and yet, not touched school at all. Stern believer though I am of outside activities, I still agree with the teachers in saying that they are not all. Perhaps my attitude is a wrong one, perhaps my interest in other things too great, but still I have profitted, and am now more inclined than ever toward the suggestion of equalizing the academie work with more practical instances, such as literary societies and debating clubs, as it takes us away from theory and puts us on a practical working basis.

Well enough, I am beyond my depth already, but before closing I wish to thank all, for the splendid efforts which they have rendered the staff in the producing of this book. Some of you may have contributed and not found the contribution printed, that was the trouble, so many sent in manuscripts that all could not be accepted so with the greatest of care and deliberation the present copy has been selected. So thanking all once again, the Assistant Editors and Staff, I remain,

RALPH A. ROGERS,

Editor-in-Chief.

Edward Malcolm Peck
AUTOGRAPHS Comily Wingley

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